CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

TUDOR JENKS

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CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

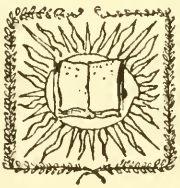
THE PORTRAICTVER OF CAPTAINE IOHN SMITH ADMIRALL OF NEW ENGLAND.
Ætat 37
An° 1616
These are the Lines that shew thy Face; but those
That shew thy Grace and Glory, brighter bee:
Thy Faire-Discoueries and Fowle-Ouerthrowes
Of Salvages, much Civilliz'd by thee
Best shew thy Spirit; and to it Glory Wyn:
So, thou art Brasse without, but Golde within.

From portrait given in his own works

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

BY

TUDOR JENKS



NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1904

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Published October, 1904

THE DEVINNE PRESS

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INTRODUCTION

THE beginning of the United States, the very foundation of our great English-speaking nation, was laid in Virginia at Jamestown. Here was the first community that actually made its home within our land, and proved to the world that America might grow into a nation.

The Virginian settlement was made only after many efforts—after more than one disastrous failure, and at the cost of many lives. It had to fight against famine, pestilence, and enemies, and in its fight it had many leaders. One by one these were tried and found wanting, until the rise to power of Captain John Smith, who proved victorious against every foe.

What he was and how he had succeeded we shall see in reading his life. Many have told his story, and each tells it in a different way, as is

right. Unless each writer tried to give his own view, we might all rest satisfied to read Captain Smith's own story. But that is not enough. When Smith wrote, he was writing to the men of his own day. They knew the surroundings, and did not need to be told many things that we must learn if we would understand why the subjects of Queen Elizabeth felt as they did about America, about Spain and Holland—if we would learn what they hoped and what they feared.

The lives of Captain Smith, therefore, all add much to the story as told by the brave sailor, soldier, and author himself. It would seem, however, that there is room for another telling of his career—one in which, taking Smith's own book as the basis, as all must do, nothing is added without giving the reader warning, nothing is taken away without explaining why it is omitted; an account made clear and plain in its language, but accurate in its facts and told without an attempt to paint Smith either white or black.

The reading of his own story gives a certain impression of the man to each reader, and that

impression must color a writer's account of him; but, nevertheless, it is possible to refrain from purposely making him either better or worse.

John Smith certainly was not simply a self-sacrificing hero who offered his life for the future of his race and his fatherland, and neither was he a self-seeking adventurer whose only motive was his own fortune or his own fame. He was a plucky, clear-sighted, resourceful Englishman; an able soldier, a brave man, a man whose strength of will, courage, and belief in America's future saved the Virginian colony from ruin, and thus laid truly and firmly the foundation-stone upon which has been erected the great Republic whose eighty millions of people may say, in the brave words of the haughty German chancellor: "We fear God; we fear naught else."

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH'S COAT-OF-ARMS

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

CHAPTER I

HIS BOYHOOD AND FIRST JOURNEY

IN the introduction to his own account of his adventures John Smith says that some of his critics complained that he wrote too much about his own deeds—as he put it, "Envie hath taxed me to have writ too much; and done too little"; but in our day we find his story too short and too slight. He leaves out so much we should like to know, and puts into a few short words the events of years. Of his boyhood, especially, he tells little. As to the date of his birth, he gives only the year, 1579. This may mean our year 1580, since his baptism was in January, and they began each year with March. He records the name of his native town, Willoughby in Lincolnshire, and adds only that he was a scholar in two free schools at Alford and at Louth. Except for a single sen-

tence recording his descent from the Smiths of Crudley (sometimes spelled Curdley or Cuardley) in Lancashire and the Rickands (or Rickards) of Yorkshire, that is all he tells us of the first thirteen years of his life. All that others have added relating to his own doings is pure invention.

By piecing together other bits of knowledge about him we can make guesses, that may be right, about his boyhood. We know that his native town was in the flat lands, a marshy and sometimes foggy district within walking distance of the sea-coast; that it was an ancient place—possibly mentioned by the Roman Emperor Antoninus as "Margidunum," and that shepherds and farmers thereabouts often found Roman coins in its soil; that his father was a farmer fairly prosperous, and an owner of horses; that there were in the family another boy, Francis, younger than John, and also a still younger sister, Alice.

Then, by consulting books of history, we can know what was going on during his boyhood, and the general state of England and the rest of the world at that time, and thus make another guess or two about the talk little John Smith probably heard among his friends and neighbors. We may

be sure that there was not a bright boy in England at the time who had not heard the story of King Philip of Spain and his great Armada, which, as is so stirringly told in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" was met and defeated in the year 1588, when John Smith was eight—just old enough to have an idea of what that fight meant to his native land.

Why could n't he have written us what rejoicings he saw? Why could n't he have told us of the fright when the ready-laid beacons of warnings were set aflame, and of the joy over the other bonfires that betokened victory? We learn from him only that he was determined to go to sea, and from this may argue that he knew of the world-wide exploits of Drake, of Hawkins, of Frobisher, of Howard, and all the commanders who were winning from Spain the empire of the sea, and thereby the empire of the world, for the English race.

Indeed, the wonderful deeds of these sailors and of the soldiers of the "tight little island" have made it hard to write books that shall interest their descendants. Modern boys live in a time so wonderful that they have become a little indifferent to marvels. They have learned to expect them

every few days. So it is not strange that their elders complain of a lack of curiosity, that they find in them less of the faculty of wonder that made their grandfathers find in books of travel and adventure a charm they cannot quite understand.

When John Smith was a small boy in Lincolnshire, the world was a different place. His world was small, and news from outside came rarely and traveled slowly. When it came, it came in a dull and unsatisfactory form—without much detail, and with few pictures, and those roughly drawn from crude sketches or mere descriptions: such pictures as are reprinted here from Captain Smith's story of his own adventures. Wonderfully truthful in some things, in others they were absurd.

In order that one may learn to look at the world with the eyes of the Lincolnshire boy of the sixteenth century, one must imagine all railroads to vanish, all the steam-vessels to be removed from the sea, all telegraph wires, electric lights, telephones, automobiles, bicycles, even newspapers—all the modern inventions we know so well—to be as if they were never to exist. There must be almost no coaches in the streets—the first were

made in England the year John Smith was born; the roads are rough, full of pitfalls and unfinished; the country places often wild and neglected. Towns and cities must shrink to a fraction of their present size, and the villages become mere hamlets. One must suppress all but the scantiest remnant of the books that now bring knowledge to every home, and must imagine the greater part of the globe to be veiled in mystery. In literature, England could claim among distinguished poets only Gower, Chaucer, Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe,—for Shakspere was just at his beginning; in science, Friar Bacon, William Gilbert, and Francis Bacon; in art, no one of great importance.

It would be easy to fill pages with notes of the differences between the sixteenth century and the twentieth; but let the hint be sufficient to remind us that the England of that day bore little likeness to the England of our times, and that John Smith could not have imagined anything at all resembling the world we know.

Yet we can imagine certain likenesses with our own times. We know that the boys upon the farms of those past days enjoyed much the same pastimes as boys of to-day: they ran races, swam

in the rivers, fished, rode the horses, and tended the cattle. They played ball, jackstones, odd or even, checkers, backgammon, chess. They built bonfires, played soldiers, went to school, or "played hooky," and were just plain boys after all; and John Smith undoubtedly was much like the rest, so far as the neighbors could see.

But he was not an ordinary boy, and he wished to be more than an ordinary man. He resolved to become a sailor, to see something of the wonders of which he heard hints in the ballads and the rude books of the time. There was a wonderful new land far in the Western seas, a land from which the Spaniards were bringing ship-loads of gold and treasure—the wealth that made them able to build and fit out the great galleons of the Armada. There were, to the eastward, the lands of the great nations of Europe, and beyond these the fierce Turks, and the roving Muscovites, marvelous Cathay and the golden Indies. Southward lay Africa, full of the wonders Mandeville had described,—wonders incredible yet fascinating,—and northward was the region where Frobisher hoped to find the northwest passage to the spice-countries, and where Davis was seeking for treasure and finding endless ice-floes.

The whole world of salt water was open to the English sailors; and John Smith meant to see something of its glories. No wonder the little fellow, full of enterprise, as we know he must have been, sold all he had,—his books and satchel,—so that he could make his way to the sea-coast and begin his career. A few school-books and a satchel in exchange for a world of new lands, new scenes, adventure, and possibly fame and wealth!—what ambitious boy of thirteen would have hesitated to make the bargain? To whom they were sold, and whether the boy made a wise or foolish exchange, Smith does not tell us, nor is it important.

But in dreaming their dreams and making their plans, small boys do not reckon upon the accidents of life. George Smith, John's father, fell sick and died. His will being dated March 30, 1596, his death took place somewhere about that time, and he was buried in the following April. To his elder son he left some property, including seven acres of pasture land; but John did not think himself capable of managing or caring for it, wherefore he "little regarded it." The mother was dead also, and John's guardians, according to his own remark, were more particular about the care

of his estate than of his future, and so he had "liberty enough, though no means, to get beyond the sea."

The next information he gives us says that he was bound an apprentice to "Thomas Sendall of Linney [Lynn], the greatest merchant of those parts," when he was about fifteen years old; but there is some blunder about the date, possibly, for apparently this was before his father's death in 1596, and yet the guardians of his estate are spoken of before this, as neglecting him. Still, it is of little importance when the apprenticeship began, for it ended almost at once. Some writers of Smith's life have taken it for granted that John ran away; but there is no hint of such a thing. The merchant apparently let John alone, and John let him alone. All that Smith says is in these words: . . . "but because he [Sendall] would not presently send him [Smith] to sea, he [Smith] never saw his master in eight years after." It would seem that Smith as an apprentice ashore was not worth his salt, for if he had not kept the terms of his agreement, Sendall, under the laws of the day, might easily have had him severely punished and forced to return to his work until the apprenticeship expired.

Again expressing himself so vaguely that we cannot fix the date, Smith tells us that he "at last found means to attend Master Peregrine Barty into France."

Peregrine Barty was the second son of the nobleman from whom the Smiths held their farm—Lord Willoughby, a worthy and distinguished soldier, and one to whom John's father had left his best two-year colt, as a token of esteem, at the same time charging and commanding John to honor and love Lord Willoughby during his life. We can only guess in what capacity young Smith went with Peregrine Barty, then a boy four years younger than himself; but it would seem that he was a sort of page or attendant. At all events, we may believe that the party set out from London, for Smith upon leaving that city applied to his guardians for money, and received ten shillings—worth at that time as much as ten or twelve dollars now—out of his own property. At another place in Smith's writings, in giving the prices of things needed by colonists, a suit of frieze (cloth) is reckoned at ten shillings, which gives us a measure of value. Smith considered his guardians' gift stingy, for he says, "such oft is the share of fatherless children," and consid-

ered that it was given "to be rid of him." Certainly it does not seem generous.

He stayed at Orleans in France for a month or six weeks, being kindly treated; but, his "service being needless," he was sent back to his friends, with money to pay his way to England. No doubt this was proper enough, for Smith considered that he had reason to be grateful.

But there was nothing to attach him to his native land, and he visited Paris, ever upon the lookout for an adventurous career. Of his life in that city he says nothing except that he made friends with a Scotchman named David Hume, and allowed him "some use of his purse." In return, the Scotchman gave Smith letters to friends in Scotland, recommending the young Englishman to King James, who was to be the successor of Queen Elizabeth. Here again some writers of Smith's life have spoken slightingly or sneeringly of Hume as an imposer upon his friend's good nature, and of Smith as a dupe. But it will be seen later that the letters proved useful to some extent, and we have no reason to think Smith was defrauded or deceived, or that Hume used much of Smith's small store of cash.

From Paris the young adventurer went to

Rouen, and there found himself short of funds. It will be remembered that, so far as we know, he had in addition to the ten shillings from his guardians only the money to pay his way to England, and that with these resources he had gone to Paris, aided Hume, and then traveled to Rouen —the larger part of the journey homeward. From Rouen he continued down the Seine to its mouth, to Havre-de-Grâce, and there, as he tells us, "began to learn the life of a soldier." He was then about sixteen years old.

It was now near the end of the year 1596, and the King of France, who had been waging civil war,—the famous Henry of Navarre, he of the "white plume" made famous by Macaulay's "Battle of Ivry,"—had succeeded in restoring peace to the kingdom. This was no doubt a blessing heartily welcomed by those of his subjects who had managed to keep out of the almost constant battles and skirmishes that had lasted for an entire generation; but it threw out of employment the stout soldiers of fortune of all nations to whom war was a business and peace was a dull trade. These soldiers at once took their way to the nearest land where there was a good market for stout arms and tried weapons. Probably it

was with a leader of men of this sort that the young English adventurer enlisted; at all events, he says "he went with Captain Joseph Duxbury into the Low Countries," and served three or four years in fighting the Spaniards on behalf of the sturdy Dutch, for we may assume from his name that Duxbury was English, and therefore engaged on the side of Holland against Spain.

We do not know why Smith abandoned this service, but it may be because the Dutch commander, Prince Maurice of Orange, about this time carried the war into Germany; and Smith and his commander may not have cared to follow the Dutch out of their own country. We are told only that Smith went next to Scotland, intending to make use of the letters given him in Paris by Hume about four years before, which strikes a modern reader as being a long interval between receiving and using letters of recommendation. If the letters had proved entirely worthless, it would not seem quite fair to hold their writer responsible after four years!

He set sail from "Ancusan," identified by modern writers with Enkhuizen, on the Zuyder Zee, some twenty miles north of Amsterdam, meaning to land at Leith, the port of Edinburgh, only a

mile and a half from that city, and then surrounded by a strong wall. But he was shipwrecked and lay sick for a while in the Holy Isle, a few miles south of Berwick, and after his recovery went into Scotland. He was kindly entertained by the "honest Scots" at Ripweth and Broxmouth,—the latter town being on the coast near Dunbar,—but finding "neither money nor means to make him a courtier," he returned to his home in Willoughby. Although the letters from David Hume had secured for the young wanderer only a kind reception, the Humes seem to have been people of consequence in that part of Scotland, for King James, in 1515, only eighty years before, had made George Hume Earl of Dunbar; and the earls of Hume owned Dunglass, on the sea-coast not far away, as is recorded in Camden's "Britannia."

CHAPTER II

SMITH AS HERMIT, TRAVELER, AND SAILOR

WHEN Smith had come back to his native town he soon found himself "glutted with too much company." He was not yet twenty years old, and had seen enough of the world to be an object of interest to the country people of the neighborhood. Perhaps he had too many questions put to him about his adventures in France, Holland, and Scotland; certainly he preferred to be left in peace, for he "retired himself into a little woody pasture, a good way from any town," and surrounded by deep woods. Here beside a brook he built himself a shelter of boughs, and remained there, sleeping in his clothes. For books he studied Machiavelli's "Art of War," and "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." The "Art of War" had been written in 1520, about eighty years before that time, and was a handbook upon the use of troops and a discussion of

the value of fortresses, and so on; and the second book, a volume of pure philosophy, is too well known to need description. Certainly neither is the sort of book that would have been chosen by a heedless, thoughtless, adventurous young fellow who longed only to exchange a life of farming ashore for the wandering career of a soldier and sailor.

Of his life in the woods Smith tells us only that he exercised by tilting at a ring, and hints that he hunted deer, and was supplied with what he needed by a serving-man.

But his friends at home thought this hermit-life a mistake, and they requested an Italian gentleman in the service of the Earl of Lincoln to go into the woods, gain young Smith's friendship, and persuade him to abandon his solitude. This was easily done, and Smith went with him to stay awhile at Tattersall, where, since the Italian was "rider" to the earl,—that is, had charge of the training and keeping of his horses,—Smith may have picked up a knowledge of horsemanship that was to prove useful in the wars. For he did not mean to stay in England, and therefore he returned before long to Holland in search of active employment.

It is natural that we should hear little of Smith's early soldiering in France and the Netherlands, since he was then learning the profession of arms—to ride, to care for and to handle his weapons; and as he was still less than twenty years old he could not expect to be more than an unimportant figure in camp or battle. But after his short rest in England he again set out "to see more of the world, and try his fortune against the Turks," who were then fighting in Hungary and Transylvania against the forces of the German emperor, Rudolph II. The "Turks," of whom Smith speaks as natural enemies of Christian powers, were not the people whom to-day we know by that name, but were a number of races who, arising in various parts of Asia, had been united by the religion of Mohammed, and had extended their power by the sword until they threatened to overrun Europe. The advance of these Moslems had been checked by Charles Martel in the great battle of Tours, and then as Europe grew in strength the Turks had been gradually expelled from the greater part of European territory.

But at the end of the sixteenth century, when Smith set out for the wars, "lamenting and re-

penting to have seen so many Christians slaughter one another," the Turks were still in Hungary and seemed in no hurry to take leave.

Smith went to the Netherlands, meaning to cross over into the German Empire and thence go southwest to the seat of war. But a boy of nineteen traveling by himself in those days was likely to fall in with thieves; and the young English adventurer soon attracted the attention of four unscrupulous Frenchmen. They saw he was well dressed and had money in his pockets,—for he seems to have secured a part of his inheritance while at Willoughby,—and so they told him that he had better come with them to France. They said they were going to the Duchess of Mercury, whose husband was a general in the emperor's service in Hungary.

Smith thought himself lucky to have fallen in with these friends, and went aboard a vessel with them to make the voyage to France, meanwhile building castles in the air. They arrived at night in the broad and shallow inlet of St. Valery, off the mouth of the river Somme in Picardy. Then the Frenchmen went to the captain of their ship and arranged with him to take Smith's trunk and their own baggage ashore. They were to go

in the boat, while Smith was persuaded to wait for a second trip.

When the captain came back it was late the next day, and he excused the delay by saying that the sea had been too rough for him to come earlier. He told Smith that the Frenchmen had gone on to Amiens and would wait for him there. The other passengers seemed to know that these men were swindlers, for they threatened to punish the ship's captain, and, Smith says, "would have run away with the ship, had they known how."

Smith landed with only a *carralue,* a small coin said to be worth only an English penny, and had to sell his cloak to pay for his passage onward. On the ship Smith had made friends with an old soldier named Curzianvere, who told him that the four Frenchmen, instead of being a nobleman and his attendants as they had pretended, were only young fellows of no claims to distinction unless as arrant knaves. Curzianvere invited Smith to travel with him, promising that he would take him to Lower Brittany, where he could meet people who knew the reputation of these swindlers, and perhaps recover some of his property. As Smith was penniless, Curzianvere supplied his most

pressing needs, and they went to Dieppe, Caudebec, Honfleur, Pont Audemer, and came to Caen, and finally to Mortagne, the home town of the Frenchmen who had undertaken the care of Smith's baggage.

Arrived here, Smith found his errand fruitless, for Curzianvere was a banished man and did not dare be seen in public, and Smith was a stranger without friends or witnesses to prove he had been robbed. The story of his misfortune, however, caused him to be kindly received, and he might have spent some time pleasantly in visits to these courteous Normandy people. But he says "his restless spirit" would not let him receive favors he could not return, and so he set himself the task of finding some means of livelihood. He went from one port to another along the coast until his money and strength were exhausted, and then, "near dead with grief and cold," he was found by a rich farmer, and taken care of until he had recovered his strength.

Not long after, Smith was passing through a wood, when he suddenly met one of the Frenchmen who had swindled him. Smith calls this man "more miserable than himself," but does not explain whether he means in health or in goods,

simply saying that as soon as they saw one another it was a matter of drawn swords and single combat.

The honest man overthrew the thief and left him to the care of the country folk who had viewed the duel from a ruined tower near by. There must have been some good in the fellow, for he at once related to them how Smith had been robbed, though claiming he had been innocent in the matter; and he also told of the swindlers' quarrels over the spoils when it came to dividing them, claiming that he received nothing.

Soon after this encounter Smith's luck seems to have mended, for he came upon a powerful friend who gave him what he needed. This friend was the Earl of Ployer, who had been brought up in England, and probably there knew something of Smith's family or circumstances. Whatever the reason, this earl and his family enabled Smith to go with them throughout southern France and to visit the most noted towns. It may be that Smith entered their service in some capacity, but it is impossible to tell from his few brief words what was the relation between them. Nor need we care, since Smith was merely sight-seeing, and learning those pieces of useful knowledge that

change an inexperienced boy into a ready, resourceful man of the world, such as Smith was soon to become.

His next progressive step was to set sail from Marseilles for Italy, probably intending to cross the Adriatic Sea into Hungary, so that he might carry out his plan of waging war against the infidels.

But the weather was stormy, and in those days this meant that little vessels must make for harbor until a quieter season; so they put into the port of Toulon for a while. Again venturing out, they were once more forced to come to anchor "close aboard the shore under the little Isle of St. Mary, against Nice in Savoy." And then came a happening that reminds us that we are reading of three centuries ago. The ship was full of pilgrims on their way to Rome, and they blamed Smith for the failure of the voyage, because he was the only "heretic" aboard. Beginning with hard words against all the English as "pirates," and against Queen Elizabeth, they soon convinced themselves there would be no fair weather so long as this Jonah was on the ship, and, consequently, they promptly threw him overboard.

Instead of a friendly whale, there was the neighboring little island of St. Mary, and Smith swam ashore to find it inhabited only by cattle and goats. Here he spent the night, and in the morning was rescued by Captain La Roche of St. Malo, master of two little vessels that also had come in for shelter from the storm.

CHAPTER III

SMITH'S CRUISE WITH CAPTAIN LA ROCHE— HE ENLISTS AGAINST THE TURKS

ALL this took place about the year 1600, when Shakspere was a young man of thirty-six, Raleigh forty-eight, and Bacon thirty-nine; when the East India Company was formed to trade with the East for spices and silks and ivory; when America was yet a wilderness along the eastern coast, though explorers and settlers were working to gain a foothold for their own race, and though the Spanish had founded a settlement in the south and southwest. As yet the English race had not even a colony in the New World, and Smith, the man who was to make England the mistress of a new continent, was on his way to risk his life among the Turks in Hungary.

With Captain La Roche the adventurer sailed southeasterly and southerly along Corsica and Sardinia, and then to the coast of Africa, coming to anchor near Alexandria in Egypt, where the

cargoes were unloaded and the two ships were free to make their way homeward. But in those days there were many ways by which an enterprising seafarer could turn an honest or dishonest penny, and what we should now call piracy was one of them. Nations were often at war, news traveled slowly, and the authorities were never hard upon masters of vessels who sank or robbed the craft of their rivals in trade.

Captain La Roche thought it well to see whether there were not within reach some richly laden vessel to plunder; so he sailed westward along Cyprus, Crete, and then northerly until he came to the narrow entrance to the Adriatic Sea, where he lay in wait, expecting a Venetian merchantman returning from the Orient, one of the argosies that brought wealth to the merchants of Venice when lucky enough to escape the watchful pirates and privateers.

Soon one of these millionaires of the deep came in sight and was hailed; but the Venetian's reply was a cannon-shot that killed a sailor, and then a battle began. The argosy tried to escape, but the Breton shot her sails and rigging to pieces, and the Venetian had to fight. Twice the Bretons boarded but were repulsed; the third time, the

Venetians set the attacking ship afire. But the flames were put out, and the Venetian was hulled by cannon-shot until she seemed sinking, and had to surrender.

The battle had been a fierce one, fifteen of the attacking crew being killed, and twenty of the Venetians, besides many wounded; and it was necessary to work busily to keep the great ship afloat while she was robbed. For a whole night and day the privateers helped themselves to "silks, velvets, cloth of gold and tissue," and sequins, piasters, and "sultanies," which were gold and silver coins; then, tired by the work, they set their victim adrift, leaving in her as much booty as they had taken.

Then the thief sailed away to repair damages, and arrived, without further adventure or crime, at "Antibes in Piedmont," where Smith was set ashore with five hundred sequins (about a thousand dollars) and, as Smith puts it, "a little box God sent him, worth near as much more."

What he means by this the reader may guess as well as I. But I think it is a sly way of saying that he found a valuable little casket on board the Venetian and was able to hide it in his clothing unseen by his companions. By the phrase "God

sent him" he meant no more than we would mean in saying "that came by good luck" or "by chance." In reading the words of other times we must make allowance for the fashion of the day, and not take this phrase as an impious joke. It has been suggested that Smith received the casket as a reward for saving some of the Venetians from violence. If so, his omission of the incident would show great modesty in the writer; and the fact that the captain of the Breton vessel gave him one thousand dollars or more is a proof that Smith did his part in the battle, though he says nothing of his own deeds.

From Antibes, Smith went across the Gulf of Genoa to Leghorn, and thence to Siena, where he found the two sons of Lord Willoughby (the father being dead, and the elder having succeeded to the title) "cruelly wounded in a desperate fray, yet to their exceeding great honor"; and thereafter to Rome, where he saw the sights, with money in his pocket; down the Tiber to Civita Vecchia, where he took ship for Naples; and thence made a tour of Italy northerly to Venice, from which city he crossed the Adriatic to Ragusa, landed, and went across the mainland to Gratz, in Styria. Here he met with fellow-coun-

trymen who made him acquainted with Lord Ebersbaught, an official of influence in the service of the emperor.

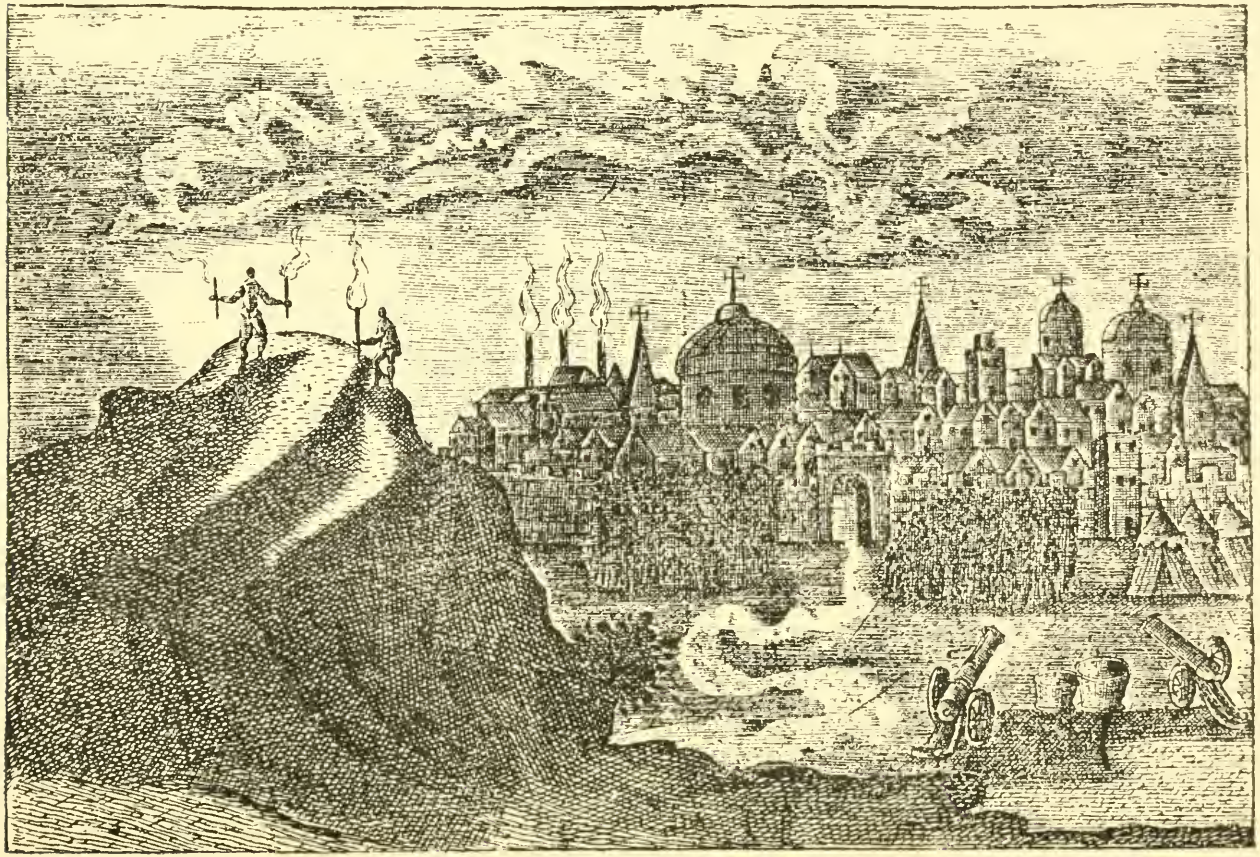
Through this nobleman Smith was recommended to Baron Kisell, General of the Artillery, and assigned to duty under the Earl of Meldritch, Colonel Henry Volda. With him the English soldier went to Vienna, now ready to begin his campaign against the conquering Turks.

The Turks not long after Smith's arrival had besieged and taken the city of Kanizsa, between Balaton Lake and the Drave River, and from there had advanced with twenty thousand men against another town commanded by Smith's patron, Lord Ebersbaught. This is now called Ober Limbach, though Smith writes it "Olumpagh." Baron Kisell was sent with ten thousand men to rescue the town, and on his arrival found the Turks surrounding it and preventing all access. It was necessary to establish communication with Ebersbaught's forces, and here Smith was able to be of use.

He told Baron Kisell that he had formerly spoken to Lord Ebersbaught of a system of telegraphing by torches; and Smith offered to send any message required. The baron was willing to

make the trial, and sent guides with Smith to a mountain overlooking the town. Three torches at equal distances were set up. After a time the signal was repeated from the town, and then the telegraphing began, across seven miles of space held by the enemy.

The method was to divide the alphabet (except *j* and *u,* which were then considered other forms of *i* and *v*) into two parts, one ending with *l,* the other containing the rest. Then a torch was shown and hidden, shown and hidden, while the reader said each time, "*a, b, c,*" and so on. Thus one torch shown five times meant *e;* seven times, *g;* and so on. When two torches appeared together, were hidden, appeared and were hidden, the reader began with *m* instead of *a.* Thus "all right" would be spelled thus: one torch shown; pause till an answering light is shown by the reader, meaning "I read *a.*" Then one torch shown eleven times in succession; pause for answering light. Eleven times more; and pause for answer. Three lights together, meaning "word ended." Then two lights, pause; two lights, pause; and so on six times for *r;* then one light nine times, and so on through the message.



SIGNALING BY MEANS OF LIGHTS, DURING THE WAR AGAINST THE TURKS

From an old print in Captain John Smith's "True Travels, Adventures, and Observations"

Slow signaling this, compared with the modern wigwagging; but it saved the town, for Smith sent the message successfully. It read: "On Thursday at night I will charge on the East; at the alarum, sally you"; and Baron Kisell, who had feared to attack twenty thousand Turks with but ten thousand men, was encouraged by the report of the guides who had been with Smith upon the mountain. They had noted that a river divided the Turkish forces into two parts, and thus half the force might be attacked at a time.

Then Smith made another suggestion. As the attack was to be made at night, he said they might attach to long pieces of rope bits of fuse; then, by stretching the ropes between upright stakes and setting fire to the fuses, it would appear that ranks of musketeers, with lighted matches to fire their guns, were advancing to the attack. Of course, you must remember that the muskets of that time were fired by putting a lighted fuse to the touch-hole, as was done with cannon until a much later time.

The attack was made as agreed; Ebersbaught sallied out from the town at the same time, and

the lighted bits of match on the ropes lured many of the Turks in a wrong direction, so that the confusion among the besiegers prevented their making effective resistance.

Baron Kisell was able to send two thousand soldiers into the town to aid the garrison, while the rest of his men withdrew in good order. The Turks fled away from the side attacked, and left behind them in their retreat enough provisions to make the town secure against famine.

The siege being thus made hopeless, the Turks marched away to Kanizsa, while Kisell returned triumphant to his superiors. But the baron must have been an honest man, for he did not forget the credit due to the young Englishman; he appointed John Smith captain of two hundred and fifty horsemen and otherwise rewarded him.

Thus John Smith became "Captain John Smith," and was fairly launched upon his career as a soldier of the Emperor of Germany. Probably he had not as yet the slightest suspicion that he would ever see America, and apparently he had no purpose in life except to keep busy and to see the world, as soldier or sailor or gentleman adventurer,—taking little thought for the mor-

row, and troubled by few principles beyond a certain patriotism and a preference for slaying infidels rather than Christians.

But, unknown to himself, his life so far was the very best preparation for the great work he was to do in the future.

CHAPTER IV

HIS FURTHER EXPERIENCES IN WARRING AGAINST THE INFIDELS

IN following Captain Smith's personal adventures there is no reason why we must acquaint ourselves with all the whys and wherefores of the phases of the war against the Turks. It will be enough to understand that, in spite of a rumor that peace was to be declared, the Turks proceeded to gather soldiers for the conquest of Hungary, while the German emperor put into the field three armies to oppose them. One of these included the Duke de Mercœur's forces ("Mercury" is the form Smith uses for the duke's name) and consequently Captain Smith; and this army was sent to take the city Stuhlweissenburg, a fortified stronghold of the Turks, so strong as to be thought impregnable. Mercœur's army consisted of thirty thousand men, of which about ten thousand were Frenchmen.

Hardly had the siege begun when the Turks

made a sally by night. Attacking the Germans, who were encamped in a quarter by themselves, the wily Turks slew nearly five hundred of them, and made good their retreat within the walls. The next night they as suddenly attacked another part of the besiegers' forces, that of the "Bemers"—whatever race they were, possibly Bohemians—and the Hungarians, with similar success.

But when, forgetting the wise proverb about "the pitcher that goes too often to the well," they attempted to play the same trick upon the French quarter, they found everything ready for their attack, and lost eight or nine hundred men, which effectually checked their ardor.

Certain refugees from the town had told Earl Meldritch that there were stations where many Turks gathered at night upon a signal; and the earl requested Captain Smith to make some "fiery dragons" to discharge against these places. These dragons were a kind of bomb, prepared by filling earthen jars with gunpowder, pitch, and other combustibles and missiles, to be flung from slings or catapults. At the usual signal for the assembling of the Turks—very likely for religious services in their mosques—these dragons went

flaming through the night, carrying dismay and destruction into the enemy's throngs, as was proved to the artillerymen by the lamentable cries of the wounded that arose wherever the dragons descended. The bombs also set fire to the houses where they fell, and Smith believed that if an attack could have been made immediately after the bombardment, the city would have been taken.

The city was finally captured by an ingenious device. There were two main suburbs, even more strongly defended than the city itself. One of these was thought to be safe from attack because of the swampy ground that surrounded it; and one night half of the Christians advanced against this suburb, while a heavy artillery fire was kept up against the other. When they came to the swamps, the soldiers, who were provided with bundles of sedges and "bavins" (or brushwood), filled up the marshy spots, and thus were able to assault the Turks upon that side. Surprised, the defenders fled into the city in a panic, whereupon a retreat from the other side began, and both suburbs fell into the hands of the besiegers. Then, shielded by the Turks' own intrenchments, the besiegers battered the city with its own cap-

tured ordnance until it surrendered; and, of course, a massacre of the infidels began.

The bashaw, or Turkish commander, tried to hold out in his own palace, but it was soon taken, the bashaw being captured by Earl Meldritch himself. Thereupon the fortifications were repaired and made ready to maintain the city if the Turks should try to retake it. It had been in their possession for nearly sixty years, and was not likely to be abandoned without an attempt at its recovery.

Even during the siege the Sultan, Mohammed III., had raised an army of sixty thousand men to rescue the city; and though it had been taken, he ordered his general the Bashaw Assan (or Hassam) to march with this force against the captured stronghold.

The Duke de Mercœur believed that this lately raised army must consist of raw recruits; so, leaving a strong garrison in the fortress, he marched to encounter the Turks in open field, having twenty thousand to pit against the sixty thousand. The two armies met while upon the march, and, Smith says, "began a hot and bloody skirmish, regiment against regiment, as they came in order, until the night parted them." In

this battle, Earl Meldritch and his regiment were nearly surrounded among "the half-circular regiments of Turks"; but fighting fiercely hand to hand, the earl cut his way through them and escaped, though half his regiment was lost. Smith, a captain in this regiment, had his horse killed under him and was severely wounded, but caught one of the riderless horses, of which he says "there was choice enough," and so came safely out.

After this first encounter, both sides intrenched and remained quiet several days, the Turks meanwhile sending twenty thousand men to lay siege to Stuhlweissenburg. Daily the Turks invited Meldritch to a set battle, and at length the Christians came out of their trenches and charged the Turks with fury, driving them back to their camp, slaying six thousand, including the bashaw (or pasha), who was second in command, and five or six minor commanders, besides capturing two hundred prisoners and nine pieces of ordnance.

But reinforcements appearing to aid the Turks, the attack was suspended, and once more Christians and Turks retired to their intrenched works. The weather, however, became so severe that the

soldiers on both sides lost heart for the struggle, and the Turks retreated to Budapest, about forty miles northeasterly, and lost some of their rear-guard in so doing.

Thereupon the Turks who had been sent to besiege Stuhlweissenburg, and who had found the place repaired and ready for them, marched away, retiring to "Zigetun"—which may mean Szegedin, since in this unmapped region Smith's spelling of proper names was mainly a matter of sound. Szegedin was about one hundred miles southeasterly.

The enemy being thus repulsed, the Duke de Mercœur divided his army into three parts, sending one third to help in the siege of Kanizsa, one third to garrison the towns Gran and Komorn, on the road toward Vienna, while Meldritch (with whom was Captain Smith) went to fight in Transylvania.

Then the duke returned to Vienna, where he was highly honored for his victories, and next repaired to Nuremberg on his way to France to raise more troops. At Nuremberg was held a great banquet, where the duke was feasted by the archduke and the nobility. Next day he was dead, and his brother-in-law died two days later.

Some historians believe he was poisoned through jealousy of his growing fame; but why the brother-in-law was included in the crime is not suggested. May not the change from the winter campaign in Hungary to the feasting and merrymaking in Vienna and Nuremberg have caused something like an attack of apoplexy or heart-disease? Even in those times jealousy of a successful commander seems hardly motive enough to lead to a double murder. Either way, we need not discuss the matter, since Captain Smith's fortunes were concerned only with the army that was sent into Transylvania.

Little is said by Smith of their journey by winter, though he informs us that they suffered as much as the army sent to the siege of Kanizsa, and gives us a hint of that army's terrible plight by the statement that three or four hundred of them perished in a single night by freezing. He seems more anxious to write a history than an autobiography, and gives considerable space to explaining how the Earl Meldritch came to enter the service of Prince Sigismund of Transylvania, instead of offering his arms to the representative of the emperor. As to this it will be enough to say Meldritch was a native of Transylvania and

preferred the cause of Prince Sigismund partly for that reason, and partly because of the death of the Duke de Mercœur, which he seems to have thought due to treachery.

At all events, Meldritch easily persuaded his troops to follow him into the prince's service, and was warmly welcomed, being appointed camp-master of the Transylvanian army, and generously receiving permission to plunder the Turks at will.

So Captain Smith, after having served in the Netherlands, in France, on the high seas, and in Hungary under the German emperor, was now risking his bones in the cause of a prince of Transylvania, but still against his old enemies the Turks.

In former times the profession of a soldier was looked upon as a businesslike calling; and Captain Smith had few scruples in employing his good sword against the " infidels " no matter in whose quarrel. To kill off unbelievers, so far from being considered inhuman, was then thought praiseworthy. When we recall the " good old times " it is well to bear in mind matters of this sort so that we may not think we are in all respects less good than our ancestors. Remembering the

Boxer troubles in China, and the universal condemnation of cruelty and bloodshed even when committed against the unbelieving natives of the Chinese Empire, we may conclude that the people of to-day are somewhat more humane than their forebears of the sixteenth century.

There has been much controversy as to the situation of various places Captain Smith mentions in this part of his adventures; but we shall beg leave to refer inquisitive readers to other works for these particulars. We are more interested in the captain's own exploits than in the minute geography of the battle-fields.

Meldritch waited until spring to begin his campaign against a certain city called "Regall" —a place held by Turks, Tatars, banditti, and renegades, in the "Land of Zarkam." This locality has not been certainly identified, but there seems no reason to doubt the story concerning the events. In that region many changes have occurred since Smith wrote. The city Regall was strong by reason of being in the mountains, and was well fortified. To reach it, Meldritch had to advance through a narrow valley guarded by the enemy, and this valley he captured by a clever stratagem. He sent a number of regiments to

hide in the valley by night, and directed them to drive a herd of cattle through the valley in the morning. The enemy, seeing these animals guarded by only a small party, came out of their forts to capture them; whereupon the concealed regiments attacked the bandits and cut them off from their stronghold. This gave Meldritch control of the valley.

But, nevertheless, it required six days' work of six thousand pioneers to clear a road so that the cannon could be taken through the mountain pass. This delay was unfortunate, since it gave the enemy in the city of Regall a whole week in which to prepare for the siege by calling in their forces and collecting supplies.

They did not think Meldritch with his small army, about eight thousand men, could possibly take their strongly guarded city. Indeed, they showed their contempt of the besiegers by coming out to attack them before they could pitch their tents. A bloody battle followed in which within an hour some fifteen hundred fell on each side, but the disciplined troops of Meldritch were victorious and drove the Turks back to their city, only ceasing the pursuit when within range of the guns on the fortifications.

Next day the besiegers were strengthened by the coming of a Transylvanian army nine thousand strong, bringing twenty-six cannon, and then these two forces gave a month's work to making intrenchments for their protection, and in raising mounds on which to place their batteries for attacking the city.

CHAPTER V

CAPTAIN SMITH'S THREE COMBATS AGAINST TURKISH CHAMPIONS

THIS leisurely preparation for the siege greatly amused the Turks, who derided the Christians, shouting to them such sarcastic remarks as their wits could devise. The Turks asked their foes whether they had pawned their cannon, and told them they would grow fat for lack of exercise. Then they professed to fear that the Christians would go away without giving the Turks the pleasure of fighting them; and so a chivalrous Turkish knight sent a challenge to the besiegers. This defiance Smith states as follows:

"That to delight the Ladies, who did long to see some court-like pastime, the Lord Turbashaw did defy any Captain, that had the command of a company, who durst combat with him for his head."

Remembering that "bashaw" means "general," it seems likely that "Turbashaw" means

simply a Turk-general; but it may be that Smith is trying to spell the sound of a name unknown to us. The challenge, after some discussion, was accepted; and so many captains volunteered to meet the Turkish champion that lots were drawn for the honor. Captain Smith happened to be the chosen captain, and then a truce was agreed upon so that the combat might be seen by both sides.

On the appointed day the ramparts of the city were filled with spectators, " fair dames and men in arms," while the besiegers were drawn up in a battalion outside.

Then, to the sound of the trumpet, the Turkish champion rode out into the field. He was well mounted and well armed, preceded by a janizary, or squire, to bear his lance, while two more attendants led his horse by the bridle. Upon the Turk's shoulders were two great wings made of eagle feathers, set in a ridge of silver and " richly garnished with gold and precious stones," altogether a very dandified champion, fit to fight in a fairy-story tournament. He took his station to await his adversary.

Again the trumpets sounded, and Captain Smith rode out in simpler fashion, attended only by one page to carry his lance.

On the signal for the charge, both spurred forward with their lances at rest, and—alas for Turbashaw!—Captain Smith's lance pierced through the Turk's head and bore him to the ground dead. Thereupon, in accordance with the terms of the challenge, Captain Smith removed the helmet, and, cutting off the head, took the trophy to the Christian camp. Smith had received no hurt at all, and presented the head to the Transylvanian general, while the whole army joyfully welcomed him.

Naturally, the Turks were not likely to rest content under the defeat of their champion; and at once came a second challenge from a "vowed friend" of the defeated man. This Turk, named Grualgo, challenged Captain Smith to combat, offering his horse and armor to his conqueror if defeated, claiming Turbashaw's head if successful.

Next day Captain Smith met Grualgo, who proved a better hand with the lance than the slain Turk; for both lances were shivered to splinters without unhorsing either rider, though the Turk had difficulty in keeping his seat. Both then drew pistols and fired. Smith was struck upon the breastplate, but without injury to himself. At

another shot, Smith wounded the Turk in the left arm, so that he was unable both to control his horse and to defend himself. He fell from his horse, and Smith carried away his head, together with his horse and armor, as had been agreed. But Smith left the fallen man and his "rich apparel" to his friends.

Meanwhile, the besiegers' works were not completed, and there were small skirmishes from time to time. But the Turks avoided a serious engagement, and matters seeming to lack excitement, at length Captain Smith sent word to the Turks that "their ladies might know he was not so much enamoured of their servants' heads, but if any Turk of their rank would come to the place of combat to redeem them, he should have his also upon the like conditions, if he could win it."

This challenge is not altogether pleasing to our taste; but we must remember in judging of it that ideas were different in those days, and that the days of chivalry were then not so far in the past. Captain Smith was risking his life in the service every day, and he may have thought it proper to show the Turks that the Christians were as chivalrous as themselves, and were as ready to issue as to accept challenges.

Captain Smith's offer was accepted by a champion whom he calls "Bonny Mulgro," and they met upon the field as before. This time the Turk, being the challenged party, had the choice of weapons, and apparently preferred not to meet Smith with the lance, for lances were not used. First, then, they discharged pistols, but neither was harmed; next, they fought with battle-axes. And here Smith was almost overcome. The blows made sometimes one, sometimes the other reel in his saddle, for both champions were almost stunned. Smith finally dropped his ax, and was almost knocked from his horse; whereupon the Turks cheered from the ramparts, believing their champion was to be at last successful. Bonny Mulgro pressed the attack, but Smith, by adroit management and by the readiness of his horse, managed to avoid the Turk—"by God's assistance," Smith says—until he had drawn his sword and succeeded in stabbing the Turk from the back. The Turk then alighted from his horse, but was soon afterward overcome and "lost his head as the rest had done."

Thereupon Smith had a grand reception. Six thousand men escorted him to the general's pavilion, accompanied by three led horses and three

soldiers bearing the Turks' heads upon lances. The general embraced the champion, giving him "a fair horse richly furnished," and a simitar and belt worth three hundred ducats, while Meldritch promoted him to be sergeant-major of his regiment,—a rank said to be equivalent to that of major in modern armies. This title, however, never seems to have replaced that of "Captain," by which Smith has always been called. "Sergeant-major John Smith" would not sound at all familiar.

This exploit of John Smith's—his slaying of three Turkish champions in single combats—is one of the occurrences that seem to have prejudiced historians against him. Some deny the truth of his story, others think it greatly exaggerated.

It is not easy to see why the story is doubted. Surely there is no impossibility or improbability in it, and there is much reason to think it true. Smith had, in later life, plenty of enemies who would have been glad to convict him of a lie, and he publicly bore a coat-of-arms that was granted for these exploits. The fights with the Turkish champions took place in the presence of thousands of men, and in Smith's own time no one tried to deny his right to the coat-of-arms he bore.

As to the combats themselves, there is nothing unlikely in his success over three challengers—or half a dozen. Every winner of a tennis tournament has to overcome opponent after opponent in order to win the prize. Captain Smith was an active, healthy man, strong, adroit, and skilled in the use of his weapons; and he overcame his adversaries, not without difficulty, in different ways. The first was slain by skilful use of the lance, and we know that Smith had given especial pains to perfect himself in tilting; the second was shot by a pistol-bullet, after Smith had had a narrow escape; the third, though superior with the battle-ax, was a poorer horseman, and Smith gives full credit to his horse for aiding him to conquer.

It would be more remarkable if history recorded no such combats, whereas the deeds of champions in arms are recorded in the annals of all lands during those periods when personal prowess was the deciding factor in battles; and Captain Smith lived in the fringe of those times. Gunpowder was used, but the lance, the battle-ax, and the sword were still employed in hand-to-hand conflicts.

In short, modern authorities are inclined to

confirm the herald's award of the blazoned Turks' heads upon the shield of John Smith, brave champion of Christendom. To our ideas, his story may seem vainglorious, but compared with men of his own day, Captain Smith does not lack in modesty. Even when brought into comparison with the doings of so modern a hero as Henry Stanley or of his predecessor, James Bruce, Captain John Smith's narrative does not seem unduly to boast, nor to give too much space to his personal achievements. Indeed, we might be glad of more detail.

Smith next takes up the general operations of the siege.

The time employed by the besiegers in raising mounds of earth proved well worth while, for they now mounted their cannon fifty or sixty feet above the level of the plain and began a bombardment. In two weeks they battered the walls with their twenty-six cannon to such purpose that they had broken them down in two places; but the Turks bravely defended these breaches, though the fire was severe. The text becomes poetical here, and, consequently, fails to tell a plain story. He writes: "That day was made a darksome night, but by the light that proceeded from the

murdering muskets and peace-making cannon; whilst their slothful governor lay in a castle on the top of a high mountain, and like a valiant prince asketh what 's the matter, when horror and death stood amazed each at other to see who should prevail to make him victorious."

All this is " fine writing," but has the defect of being entirely incomprehensible. We can gather from it only the suggestion that the Turkish governor was careful to keep out of harm's way, while his men were doing their duty in the defense.

The Transylvanian general now ordered a charge to be made up the slope that led to the breached wall; and there was great slaughter among the Christian troops because the Turks rolled down the hill great logs of wood and bags of gunpowder (probably with a fuse to explode them) and thus killed many. The men charged on and were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with pikes.

The Turks stubbornly held their ground until the Christians had been reinforced by fresh troops, but then were forced up the hill and took refuge in the castle or main stronghold. Though the Turks now showed the white flag, Earl Meldritch, whose father had been slain by the Turks

in some former fight, gave no quarter. He turned against the castle the guns captured in the town, and next day took it. The earl then put to death the captured Turks, and set their heads upon stakes, " in the same manner they had used the Christians " when they first captured the city.

The Transylvanian general now repaired the walls of the stronghold, destroyed his own siege-works, and left a garrison to keep possession of Regall while he marched against three other towns, Veratio, Solmos, and Kupronka, to revenge himself for the losses the Turks had inflicted upon his army. He sacked these towns, carried off two thousand prisoners, mostly women and children, and then marched away to Esenberg, where he went into camp not far from the palace of Prince Sigismund, his master.

The prisoners were handed over to the prince, when he came to review the army, and thirty-six Turkish standards were presented as trophies. The prince piously gave thanks to God for the victories and the captured women and children, and so ended the Transylvanian campaign.

From the prince Captain Smith received rich reward for his services, being allowed thereafter

to use a coat-of-arms showing three Turks' heads, and being promised a yearly pension of three hundred ducats. Besides these gifts, the prince presented his portrait framed in gold, and treated the young English soldier with distinguished honor.

CHAPTER VI

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CHRISTIAN ARMY, AND SMITH'S CAPTIVITY

ALTHOUGH the Turks were thus overthrown, Prince Sigismund was not to enjoy his realm in peace, for the emperor had no idea of giving up his claim to Transylvania. This region, from having been one of the most fruitful and thriving in eastern Europe, had become, as Smith says, "the very spectacle of desolation—their fruits and fields overgrown with weeds, their churches and battered palaces and best buildings, as for fear, hid with moss and ivy." Captain Smith rightly complains that Europe was much to blame for this neglect, since Transylvania was the great natural "bulwark and rampart" against the Turks, and yet was ruined by the quarrels and strifes among the Christians themselves. It is hard to believe that so sensible a man as Captain John Smith wrote the paragraph which next follows in the narrative, for it

is absolutely meaningless, and is couched in the same affectedly poetical language as that quoted in the last chapter in reference to the Turkish governor of Regall. It sounds as if it might be the work of some conceited "literary friend" of our captain. Judge for yourselves:

"But alas, what is it, when the power of majesty pampered in all the delights of pleasant vanity, neither knowing nor considering the labor of the ploughman, the hazard of the merchant, the oppression of statesmen; nor feeling the piercing torment of broken limbs, and inveterated wounds, the toilsome marches, the bad lodging, the hungry diet, and the extreme misery that soldiers endure to secure all those estates, and yet by the spite of malicious detraction, starves for the want of their reward and recompenses; whilst the politic courtier that commonly aims more at his honors and ends than his country's good, or his prince's glory, honor, or security, as the worthy prince too well could testify."

This paragraph is unadulterated nonsense, and was never written, as it now stands, by so plain-forward a soldier as John Smith. One can guess at its meaning, but surely the meaning is not there. The writer, whoever he was, meant to say

that when a monarch neglects the true workers in his realm, and rewards only self-seeking courtiers, the country must go to ruin; but the quoted paragraph is simply the muddy writing of a pretentious and half-taught writer, whereas Captain Smith's own style, if a little faulty, is plain, direct, and full of meat, as will be seen in the paragraph directly following that quoted: "The Emperor being certified how weak and desperate his [Prince Sigismund's] estate was, sent Busca with a great army to try his fortune once more in Transylvania." That is Smith's style,—clear, direct, simple.

The prince, upon the coming of the emperor's army, saw he could not resist, and asked for a truce till he could send messengers to the emperor to beg for terms. The prince was successful in obtaining terms, and gave up his claim to Transylvania in return for other lands, a large sum of money, and a pension.

These terms left his Transylvanian general out in the cold, since he was unwilling to submit to the emperor; so he marched against the troops under Busca, the emperor's general, and fought a great battle lasting six or seven hours, in which six or seven thousand were slain, the Transylvanians

being defeated and scattered over the country. The prince thereupon surrendered the whole country to the emperor.

The scene of battles now shifted to Wallachia, where a leader named Jeremie had been sent by the Turks to rule the country. His tyranny caused a revolution, and Jeremie was expelled. But he raised an army of forty thousand Turks, Tatars, and Moldavians, and marched against the Wallachians. The emperor's general, Busca (or Basta), had named Lord Rodoll as Prince of Wallachia, and now sent a large force to meet Jeremie's troops. This force included many of the old regiments of Sigismund, among others that of Earl Meldritch, in which was Captain Smith, and amounted to some thirty thousand men. They marched into Wallachia, where Jeremie had fortified himself, and was drawn into a battle only by the Christians pretending to retreat. There followed a furious fight in which the Christians were victorious, after twenty-five thousand men had been left on the field. Lord Rodoll thus gained the land of Wallachia, but was not long left in peace, for the Turks and Tatars were constantly crossing his frontiers.

Against these foes Earl Meldritch was sent

with thirteen thousand men, only to learn that the invaders had thirty thousand, while Jeremie with some fifteen thousand more was ready to join the Tatars. Meldritch wisely retired, but was engaged in fierce skirmishes during his whole retreat. One part of their retreat led through a thick wood, and they felled great trees behind them as they advanced so as to hamper the pursuers; and here they had the good fortune to capture some two thousand of the enemy, who were driving off several hundred horses and cattle. From these prisoners they learned the positions of their enemies. Jeremie was holding the valley through which they must retreat, while the Tatars were not far away. It was necessary to force their way, and Captain Smith's ingenuity saved the army.

By his suggestion, Meldritch caused his men to attach to their lances some sort of rockets filled with " wild fire " (probably phosphorus, or dampened gunpowder allowed to dry), and then made a night attack, bearing these flaming fire-works before them. The horses and men of the enemy were thrown into a panic and driven in confusion, which disposed of Jeremie's forces. But the other army, the Tatars, forty thousand in

number, attacked Meldritch's eleven thousand men when they were within three leagues of safety, and November 18, 1602, a great battle took place.

Meldritch drew up his men at the foot of a mountain, having the flanks protected by sharpened stakes and pitfalls, and by advanced bodies of pikemen, who were ordered to retire behind these defenses when the Tatars should charge.

The battle began with ensigns spread, trumpets blowing, and beating of drums. The Tatars discharged "flights of numberless arrows," and galloped upon the Christians, and after a bloody battle of an hour drove back the battle-line; whereupon the sharpened stakes and pits threw the attacking horsemen into confusion and caused them great loss,—a loss increased by the fire of cannon that had been planted higher up on the mountain slopes.

The Christians raised a cry of "Victory!" and Meldritch ordered a general charge in the hope of cutting his way through the dense masses of the enemy. But numbers prevailed against valor, and at nightfall Earl Meldritch, with something over a thousand horsemen, swam the river Altus, and escaped, leaving some thirty

thousand men—his own and the enemy's—upon the battle-field.

This was the end of resistance to the Tatar army, and the Christian army was cut to pieces. Smith suggests that this disaster was not altogether unwelcome to the emperor, since it destroyed many who had been his enemies in Transylvania.

John Smith himself "lay groaning among the rest" upon the field, and was found there by the pillagers who came to rob the dead; but Smith was dressed well and wore rich armor, and so was rescued to be held for ransom together with many others. One may judge from this that there was no quarter shown to the unfortunate soldiers whose armor or clothing showed them unlikely to secure ransom. No doubt the Turks were cruel, but their foemen seemed quite as ready to commit atrocities,—as this history shows,—beheading and flaying and slaying whenever the fancy struck them, instead of trying to show these unhappy infidels how much more humane were the soldiers of Christendom.

Humane or not, Smith's captors were too shrewd to neglect him, when by so doing they would lower his price in the market; so he was

SMITH AS A SLAVE IS LED BEFORE THE TURKISH BASHAW

From an old print in Captain John Smith's "True Travels, Adventures, and Observations"

carefully tended until cured of his wounds, and was then sent for sale as a slave at Axopolis. Here Smith and his companions in misery were made to wrestle with other slaves so that the merchants could fully judge of their strength and activity, were carefully examined precisely as cattle are looked over to make sure of their soundness, and then put up for sale.

Captain Smith does not tell us the price given for him, but records only the name of his buyer, the Bashaw Bogall. With the other human cattle, Smith marched in a gang of twenty slaves, all chained by the necks, going by way of Adrianople to Constantinople, where each was delivered to his special master. Captain Smith found that he was the property of a young gentlewoman whose name he gives as Charatza Tragabigzanda,—after whom the captain named the headland in the New World which in later years has been called Cape Ann,—and by her he seems to have been most kindly treated, so kindly as to suggest a touch of romance between the fair Oriental and the brave young English captain.

But if on either side it was a case of true love, the old adage was again proved true, for its course was in nowise smooth. Captain Smith was

not the man to turn Turk, and there was no other way in which he could have remained in the land except as a slave. And a slave, so far as he could see, he was doomed to remain, since there was no one who knew his fate or might have been willing to ransom him had they been aware of his captivity.

CHAPTER VII

SMITH'S SLAVERY TO THE TURKS, AND HIS ESCAPE

THE lady, Charatza, showed an interest in her bondman and sought occasions to speak with him; even going so far as to feign illness as "an excuse to remain at home while others of the household went to the public baths or to mourn over the graves of their kindred in the cemeteries"—the latter, at least, not seeming to us an expedition attractive to a pleasure-loving woman. Smith learned that she could speak Italian, and was told by her that his purchaser, the Bashaw Bogall, had sent Smith to the lady with a message that the captain was a Bohemian lord whom the valiant Bogall had taken with his own mighty hand. Bogall had also added that this was but one of many others "which ere long he would present her, whose ransoms should adorn her with the glory of his conquests!" Certainly Bogall was not a man whose sensitive con-

science would prevent him from making out a good story, nor one whose modesty would conceal any valorous deeds he might perform.

Captain Smith protested he was not aware that he had ever been overcome or led away captive by the mighty Bogall, and even went so far as to deny any knowledge that he was a Bohemian or a lord, thus spoiling Bogall's pretty story completely. He told Charatza that he was an Englishman who had won the title of captain by his adventures in Transylvania and thereabouts. This was not only the result of modesty and love of truth, but probably also a desire to prevent his ransom being put too high. Charatza sent for interpreters and had Captain Smith relate his adventures to her, and showed compassion for him in his helpless captivity. But there were no duties suited to him in her household, and being afraid he might be sold as a useless piece of property, she decided to send him to her brother, an official in "Nalbrits in the country of Cambia, a province in Tartaria."

Attempts have been made by many writers about Captain Smith and his travels to trace accurately the routes taken by him in these wild and little known regions. But the names given by

him are spelled by sound, the places often had two or more names given by different races, and it is not at all unusual for such small towns as he passed through to be entirely abandoned, or to change their names. So it is not possible to do more than ascertain the general localities and fix upon the larger places he visited. So far from casting doubt upon his story, this should be looked upon as a proof of Smith's honesty, since a writer making up a fictitious account of pretended travels would have been very careful to make his story agree with the current maps—the easiest thing in the world. It is only fair to Captain Smith to say that wherever it has been possible to identify his route he proves trustworthy; the names that cannot be found are such as occur in the regions where he puts them, and some of these names, once unknown, have been found upon old maps.

In his journey from Constantinople to Cambia, Smith went in a northerly direction to Varna, in Bulgaria, thence across the Black Sea to the narrow strait leading to the Sea of Azof, and then to Cambia. If you wish to trace on the map his journey after crossing the Black Sea to the mouth of the Don River, follow its course to the Manytch River, and then go up this river to where it widens

near the Ergeni Hills. Smith gives a brief picture of the appearance of the region, saying there were "towns with short towers, and a most plain, fertile, and delicate country."

Of the strait he writes, "the channel is deep, but at the entrance of the sea Dissabacca there are many great osier shoals, and many great black rocks. . . . They sailed by many low isles, and saw many more of those muddy rocks. Till they came between Susax and Curuske, only two white towns at the entrance of the river Bruapo appeared. In six or seven days' sail he saw four or five seeming strong castles of stone with flat tops and battlements about them." At Cambia the river was "more than half a mile broad," and near it stood a castle, "of large circumference, fourteen or fifteen feet thick at the foundation." Some six feet from the wall was a palisade and a ditch forty feet wide, making a very defensible stronghold. The town was on the west, with low and flat houses. Here Smith remained three days, and then two days' travel brought him to Nalbrits, his destination.

Here was the castle of Charatza's brother, the "Timour" or ruler of the district. Smith was turned over to this man, with a letter from the

sister recommending that the slave be used kindly and taught the language and the Turkish religion until Charatza should be able to reclaim him. Probably the sister's letter showed too much solicitude about the Christian captive; at all events, the brother did not follow out her instructions precisely. He ordered his overseer to strip Smith of his clothing, shave not only his beard but his head "as bare as his hand," and then about Smith's neck was riveted a heavy iron ring from which projected "a long stalk bowed like a sickle, while for covering he was provided with a coat of ulgrie's hair,"—whatever material that may be, possibly goatskin,—with a girdle of rawhide. We may be sure that Charatza, even if not in love with the young English captive, would not have been pleased with her brother's actions had she known of them.

Smith was now put with many other Christian slaves and with nearly a hundred Turkish and Moorish convicts, and, being the latest comer, was "slave of slaves to them all"; that is, he was received with the same kindly consideration as is shown to freshmen on entering college, new boys in school, "nouveaux" among art students and apprentices everywhere. But Smith

like a philosopher, remarks that there was "no great choice in these slavish fortunes; for the best was so bad a dog could hardly have lived to endure; and yet for all their pains and labors they were no more regarded than a beast." Let us not forget, in judging the Turks, that those were the times when the killing of an infidel was no more regarded than the drowning of a litter of kittens, except as more praiseworthy, so it is hardly to be expected that Christian captives should be treated with consideration.

Smith gives a full account of the manner of life of the Turks and their slaves. He tells us that the Timour and his friends lived upon pilau, a dish we have learned from them to enjoy, being boiled rice and "garnances" (probably spices) mixed with chopped bits of roast meat, for their main dish; and that "samboyees and muselbits are great dainties," being "round pies full of all sorts of flesh they can get, chopped with a variety of herbs." "Their great drink is coffa, of a grain they call coava boiled with water," and sherbet, which is honey and water. Mare's milk or the milk of any beast they held restorative, but the common people drank pure water.

The slaves were fed upon a sort of stew made

of "cuskus," a white grain, and the poorer part of horseflesh and "ulgries," which, as has been suggested, may have been goat's flesh.

The Tatars were dressed in sheepskins tied about them, and round felt caps, and lived in poor huts, worse than the Irish cabins of that time, or in tents which were removed from place to place as the nomadic tribes moved to seek fresh pasturage for their animals.

Smith's accounts of these peoples seem to be accurate and to be drawn mainly from his own observations, but so many travelers have visited these regions since that it is not worth while to make record of the more imperfect observations of Captain Smith. More interesting are the events that led to his escape from slavery and his return to Christendom.

The young man of twenty-three had no hope of any betterment save through the kindness of Charatza, nor could he find any encouragement in his talk with his fellow-slaves; but Smith was too high-spirited to drag out his life in slavery, and his pride brought about his escape by forcing him to make the attempt.

He had been put at farm-work upon a grange or estate some few miles from the Timour's house

at Nalbrits, and was often busied threshing out the corn, using for the purpose a sort of club or bludgeon, since the Turks had no flails. The Timour occasionally came to visit the little farm, and took pains to call upon his Christian captive for the pleasure of abusing him, even proceeding so far as to beat the poor fellow. This was a dangerous pastime with a soldier and a strong young man of pride and pluck, and the Turkish bully soon discovered that in the young English slave he had "caught a Tatar." Captain Smith left off his threshing of grain, used his club on the head of the Turk, and slew him outright.

This violence was most imprudent, and yet proved to be the safest thing he could have done. Smith was now forced to run away in spite of all risks and dangers, knowing that if he were caught he might be put to death with all the refinements of cruelty known to these ingenious Orientals. So he hid the body of his victim under the straw, to delay discovery as long as possible, dressed himself in the Timour's garments, filled a bag with corn, shut the door of the building, mounted the Turk's horse and rode away into the wilderness with no purpose except to get as far away as he could.

For two or three days he wandered at random, "and well it was he met not any to ask the way," and then at the last extremity "God did direct him to the great way or Castragan, as they call it, which doth cross these large territories," and was known by certain guide-posts set up at its crossings with other roads. On these posts were arms to direct the traveler; and as few of them could read, there were finger-posts, or "bobs," as Smith names them, upon which were painted symbols indicating whither the roads led.

Thus that arm toward the country of Crim-Tatars bore the crescent; toward Persia "a black man full of white spots"; toward China, a sun; toward Russia, a cross; and so on. For sixteen days' travel, fearing lest he should meet some travelers with the iron collar still about his neck, and be sent back to his master's estate, Smith followed the signboards bearing the figure of the cross, and then arrived at the town Ælcopolis upon the river Don, a Russian outpost, and knew he was once more free.

The governor and "the good Lady Callamata" treated him with all hospitality; the iron collar was taken from his neck and he was generously cared for until fully recovered.

CHAPTER VIII

HIS FURTHER ADVENTURES IN EUROPE AND AFRICA—A SEA-FIGHT

IT was not considered safe to travel in those lands except in large parties, and so Captain Smith remained until a "convoy," or caravan, left the outpost, and then departed, after being provided by the governor with a certificate setting forth how Smith came into his hands, and with a letter of introduction to other Russian chiefs at the various towns through which they were to pass. With the Russian convoys Smith traveled most comfortably. He says: "In all his life he seldom met with more respect, mirth, content, and entertainment; and not any governor where he came but gave him something as a present, beside his charges [that is, entertained him free]; seeing themselves as subject to a like calamity." And, indeed, upon the frontiers and in these wild countries there was constant danger of the descent of a great horde of Tatar horsemen to

carry off the Russians into the captivity from which Smith had so fortunately escaped.

Smith describes the great Russian plains much as a modern traveler might do—the log-houses, thatched with split boards, the corduroy roads over boggy places, the palisaded fortress-like towns far apart from one another; and then briefly names places in Transylvania, Hungary, and Bohemia, through which he passed in great satisfaction over his escape, and thankfulness to be with friends once more.

At length, in "Lipswick" (Leipsic) he was fortunate enough to meet Prince Sigismund and his old commander, Earl Meldritch; and the Prince gave him another copy of the grant of arms and safe conduct—the first having doubtless been lost after the battle—besides 1500 ducats (some $2500) "to repair his losses." Thus restored to freedom and fortune, Smith resumed his travels in Europe, visiting Dresden, Magdeburg, Brunswick, Augsburg, Frankfort, and so on, until he had made his way through Paris to Orléans, thence down the Loire to the sea, where he took ship for Spain, and spent some time visiting the great cities of that land.

Next he crossed to Africa, having heard of "the

wars in Barbary," and, joining a French party from a man-of-war, he went on an expedition of inquiry and sight-seeing to Morocco "to see the ancient monuments of that large renowned city." These he describes after the manner of travelers in the days when most of his readers were stay-at-home folks who knew little of the world beyond their market-towns. Some of his stories make good reading, but they are not about the renowned captain himself, and so demand no place here. To readers of his own time Captain Smith's accounts of the "Portugalls" in Africa were of interest and importance, but to us it would have been more to the purpose if he had described fully and exactly the sights that to him were every-day matters—as did Pepys in his famous diary. It may be remarked, however, that Smith's statements about the lands he visited show him an honest traveler, a good observer, and not credulous; thus in speaking of elephants he says:

"Though some report they cannot kneel, nor lie down, they can do both, and have their joints, as other creatures, for use; with their forefeet they will leap upon trees to pull down the boughs, and are of that strength they will shake a great cocar [coca?] tree for the nuts, and pull down

a good tree with their tusks to get the leaves to eat, as well as sedge and long grass, cocar nuts and berries, etc., which with their trunk they put in their mouth, and chew it with their smaller teeth." By "leap upon" he means "push against." Certainly this is a very sensible and careful account of the elephant, an animal then almost unknown in Europe and England. Wherever Smith gives his personal observations he writes like an honest man.

"But," our traveler concludes his chapter, "by reason of the uncertainty and the perfidious, treacherous, bloody murders, rather than war, among those perfidious, barbarous Moors," he returned from his expedition, and went aboard ship "to try some other conclusions at sea." This was in the year 1604.

Arriving at Safi, Smith and some of his companions were invited by Captain Merham, commander of a man-of-war then lying off that town, to come aboard with him; and the captain entertained the party so hospitably that they found it too late to go ashore that night, and were compelled to stay aboard. "A fairer evening could not be," he tells us, "yet ere midnight such a storm did arise they were forced to let slip cable

and anchor [that is, they had no time to raise the anchor], and put to sea, spooning before the wind till they were driven to the Canaries." "Spoon" is a form of the word "spoom," an old expression meaning to sail steadily, as when a ship drives before the wind; and the Canary Islands were about five hundred miles southwesterly from Safi.

Undoubtedly the man-of-war commanded by Captain Merham was a species of privateer; for she took advantage of her cruise to capture a small bark from Teneriffe loaded with wine, and to pursue four others, two of which were taken but yielded little booty. From passengers in these they learned of five Dutch war-vessels being about the isles, and so deemed it wise to stand off for Cape Bojador, further south upon the African coast.

Soon after they came upon two ships. Captain Merham hailed, whereupon they saluted by dipping their topsails, and invited him to come aboard and take what he would, "for they were but two poor distressed Biskiners," or merchantships from the Bay of Biscay—which is the meaning of Biskiners. But Captain Merham, whom Smith calls "the old fox," was not deceived by this yarn, seeing that the vessels were Spanish

men-of-war. He steered closer to the wind, hoping he might thus escape his two big enemies. They tacked after him, and the nearer fired a broadside, which was repeated by the other, and then began a fierce fight.

Merham's vessel was boarded, but the attack was repulsed, the Spaniard losing four or five men; and the cannonading continued for an hour. Again the Spanish ship ran up close, and threw grapnels with chains attached into the grating of Merham's ship, intending then to sheer off and tear it down. Possibly this grating was the bulwarks behind which the crew were sheltered in repelling boarders.

But the rigging of the Spaniard had caught in that of the other ship, and before she could cut loose, Merham fired into her bow crossbar-shot and bolts of iron, cutting a great hole that nearly sunk her. Merham then feared they would sink together, and both crews united in cutting loose and in casting off the grappling-hooks. The ships separated, and the less injured of the Spaniards kept up a fierce fire of ordnance and muskets while the injured one was stopping the leak in the bow. For six hours the fight continued, and then the Spaniard drew astern to wait for his

consort to come up, and both continued the chase all night, while Merham kept on his course toward Mamora; but the wind was light and they made little progress. After a heavy cannonading the Spaniards offered quarter if Merham would surrender; but that gallant captain stood up and derisively drank their health, and then let fly with his guns. Enraged by his defiance, the Spaniards again boarded, and many climbed up the rigging, meaning to cut down the mainsail, whereupon that sail was suddenly lowered and the Spanish sailors fell with it.

After a bloody hand-to-hand struggle upon the deck, in which the great cabin was blown up, and so much fire and smoke was seen that all thought the ship was on fire, the boarders were repulsed. Then Merham's men betook themselves to extinguishing the flames, while the Spaniards still kept up a heavy fire; but soon the flames were out, the vessel patched up with old sails, and Merham's men prepared "to fight to the last man."

The enemy now hung out a white flag to ask for a parley, but Merham refused to stop fighting, and the ships continued to sail and the guns to roar all the afternoon and half through the night, until the Spaniards either "lost them or left

them," probably thinking so sturdy a fighter as Merham a good thing to lose.

Merham had twenty-seven slain and sixteen wounded, while in his vessel were one hundred and forty "great shot," or cannon-balls; but a wounded Spaniard whom they carried off confessed his side had had far the worst of the fight.

After repairs, the ship sailed by way of the islands to Safi again, and then, as it is briefly put, "Smith returned to England."

And this man, whom some call a braggart and liar, never tells us one word of his part in this fierce battle—a most exciting dessert to the quiet little dinner to which Captain Merham had invited his friends that evening in Safi harbor.

CHAPTER IX

SMITH JOINS GOSNOLD'S EXPEDITION, AND MAKES THE VOYAGE TO VIRGINIA

IN his book, "The Beginners of a Nation," Edward Eggleston presents briefly and in a masterly way the conditions that led to the planting of English colonies in America, among others especially that at Jamestown, Virginia. He points out that printing was yet a novelty, an art and mystery not yet become common, that the New World was still a land of wonders with all the fascination of the unknown, that the then recent reformation in religion had made men enterprising in their ideas and ready to entertain new theories, that it was an age of creation in literature and science, that bold men everywhere were ready for deeds of daring.

Books of travel were plentiful and were eagerly read, and men were ready to believe without inquiry whatever was told about the little known parts of the world and especially about America.

It must not be forgotten, in reading about the expeditions to the New World, that even in John Smith's time it was firmly believed a passage to India might exist in some strait between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; and, as Eggleston says, "the hope of coming by some short cut into a rich commerce with the Orient led to a prying exploration of all the inlets, bays, and estuaries on the American coast, and so promoted discovery; but it retarded settlement by blinding men to the value of the New World." The importance of bearing this in mind will appear in discussing the instructions given to the leaders of the Virginia colonists, and in understanding the blame heaped upon some of them for neglecting the search for this supposed passage. It is spoken of here because the hope of securing commerce with the East was a motive leading many merchants and rich men to aid projects for expeditions across the Atlantic.

Another motive was found in the wish to get rid of a number of poor or idle people of whom there had grown to be many in the days of "Good Queen Bess"—though some have named it the golden age of English history. One reason for the idleness of laborers was the changing of

farming-lands into sheep-runs, which threw many farm-hands out of work; and there were also many unemployed soldiers, who were a dangerous element in the community; and it was believed that colonizing would make a place for such men as found no paying employment at home.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert led one expedition to America, and landed at Newfoundland; but when he again put to sea, a storm wrecked his vessels, and only one survived to carry home the news. Sir Walter Raleigh, Gilbert's half-brother, made a second attempt, visiting Roanoke Island, giving to the new land the name Virginia, and bringing back so favorable a report of the country that in 1585 seven ships carried colonists out and left them there to explore the mainland. These colonists had trouble with the Indians, and were carried home again by Sir Francis Drake, bringing with them the first tobacco seen in England.

Raleigh's third expedition was the famous one that made a settlement on Roanoke Island, and then utterly disappeared—the probability being that some were slain and others carried away by the Indians. For many years succeeding colo-

nists were seeking vainly some trace of this "lost colony."

Next, in 1602, while Captain Smith was in Europe fighting the Turks, Bartholomew Gosnold had crossed the ocean and landed on Cape Cod; but, deciding that his provisions were too low to support a colony, he had returned, bringing a cargo of sassafras and reporting the discovery of a shorter route to Virginia than the more southerly route by the West Indies.

Then Gosnold became eager to bring about the formation of a company to aid him in establishing a colony; and among others he interested Edward Maria Wingfield and Captain Smith in his plans. They gladly aided him, but it was not until 1606 that they had secured the help of men of means and influence who were able to fit out an expedition, though the King had granted them a charter a year before. This charter was especially careful to arrange for the government of the colony when it should be established, and kept the appointment of its officers in the King's hands, putting the colonists under control of a commercial corporation at home, an appointed council in America, a superior council in England, besides the rule of the King; in short, they

were almost bound hand and foot with red tape before they had even crossed the ocean.

As if to make sure of trouble, the King's instructions and the appointments of the governors were delivered to the members of the expedition in a sealed box which they were forbidden to open till they came to Virginia.

They had three vessels, the *Susan Constant,* the *Godspeed,* and the *Discovery*—of one hundred, forty, and twenty tons, respectively. We may gain an idea of the size of these transatlantic ships by comparing them with the weight of the "little *Gloucester,*" the converted yacht in which Captain Wainwright fought the Spanish torpedo-boats off Santiago. The *Gloucester* is of seven hundred and eighty-six tons displacement, nearly eight times that of the biggest of these three vessels which were to carry the colonists over three thousand miles; while the smallest of three, the pinnace *Discovery* of twenty tons, may be weighed in comparison with the tiniest member of the American Navy, the torpedo-boat *Stiletto* of thirty-one tons; though we must remember that the modern boats are of steel, and smaller in proportion to their weight. Still it can be seen what tiny boats made up the colonists' fleet.

December 19, 1606, they attempted to depart, but were met by adverse winds and stormy weather, so that for six weeks they did not get out of sight of England; and during this time their clergyman, Robert Hunt, was "so weak and sick that few expected his recovery." Now many sailors are superstitious about the presence of clergymen on shipboard, and probably there was some discontent on this account; for Smith speaks of "scandalous imputations against him by some few, little better than atheists, of the greatest rank among us." But, despite grumbling, the clergyman proved himself a trump, and refused to be put ashore, though within but ten or twelve miles of his home. Indeed, Smith gives Hunt credit for bringing peace and concord by his example to the already quarrelsome men among the company.

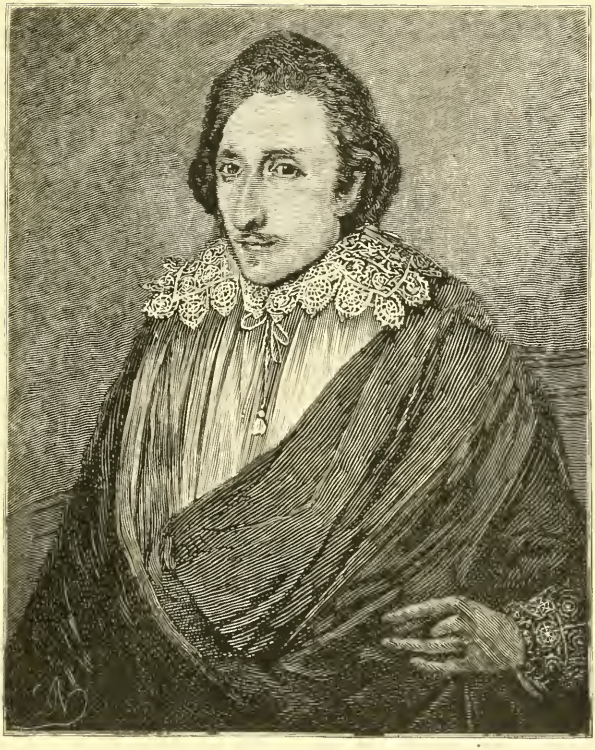
At length, however, the little fleet got away and reached the Canary Isles,—where Smith, you remember, made his cruise with Captain Merham,—and here they watered. There was not the slightest use in going so far south, unless to refill their water-casks; but it was still the custom of seamen to hug the shore as long as possible, though thus the colonists doubled the dis-

tance they had to sail. Then they crossed to the West Indies, with no greater event to record than the sight of a meteor or "blazing star" which was followed by a storm, and on the 23d of March came to the island Mattatenio, and next day anchored near Dominica, "a fair island, the trees full of sweet and good smells." Here the natives came out to the ships in canoes, bringing fruits, and cloth from a wrecked Spanish ship, which they gladly traded for knives, hatchets, beads, and copper jewelry.

The colonists and sailors went ashore and discovered a hot spring, in which their commander, Captain Newport, boiled a piece of pork. They also visited other islands, and encamped upon one for a week, and hunted, seeing few natives, and viewing those few only in flight from the white men.

April 2 they resumed their voyage among the islands, visiting those that seemed attractive, and taking note of the strange plants and animals, such as wild boars, a bull with spreading horns, lizards, and so on. One of the colonists here died from heat and over-exertion.

On the 10th of April they sailed away from the islands northward; on the 21st there was a



GEORGE PERCY

From a portrait in the Virginia Historical Society's rooms, Richmond, Virginia

terrible tempest, and on the 26th they at last sighted the coast of Virginia, about one hundred and fifty days after leaving London.

They entered Chesapeake Bay, landed and "discovered a little way," as says George Percy (from whom these particulars are taken), but could find "nothing worth the speaking of but fair meadows and goodly tall trees, with such fresh water running through the woods as I was almost ravished at the sight of." Remember they had been at least sixteen days at sea under a tropical sun since refilling their water-casks, and then you will understand why fresh running water looked to them like nectar.

But meanwhile matters had not been going smoothly among the passengers of the exploring vessels, and there were factions and quarrels such as, Smith remarks, "so commonly attend such voyages"; and at one time—during their stay on the island of Nevis—a gallows was made with the purpose of hanging Captain Smith, possibly because he was accused of a design to make himself leader of the expedition, as afterward is said. But Smith, as he humorously records, "could not be persuaded to use" the gallows and so the execution was given up.

Another adds to Percy's account the fact that the mariners had missed their reckoning, and that Ratcliffe, captain of the smallest vessel, was so discouraged that he wished to turn about and make for England; but a storm arose and drove them into Chesapeake Bay.

They named the first land they saw Cape Henry, after King James's eldest son, and there anchored. A party of thirty led by Newport, Gosnold, and Wingfield went ashore, but were attacked by Indians, who came creeping on all fours from the hills; and two of the English were dangerously wounded, whereupon they fired upon the Indians, and then returned to the ship.

CHAPTER X

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN VIRGINIA—EXPLORING THE JAMES RIVER

THAT night they opened the sealed box wherein they were to discover the names of the council to govern the colony—subject to the authorities at home. The orders were read, and named as council Gosnold, Smith, Wingfield, Newport, Ratcliffe, Martin, and Kendall; and these were to choose a president to serve one year. "Matters of moment were to be examined by a jury, but determined by a major part of the council in which the president was to have two" votes.

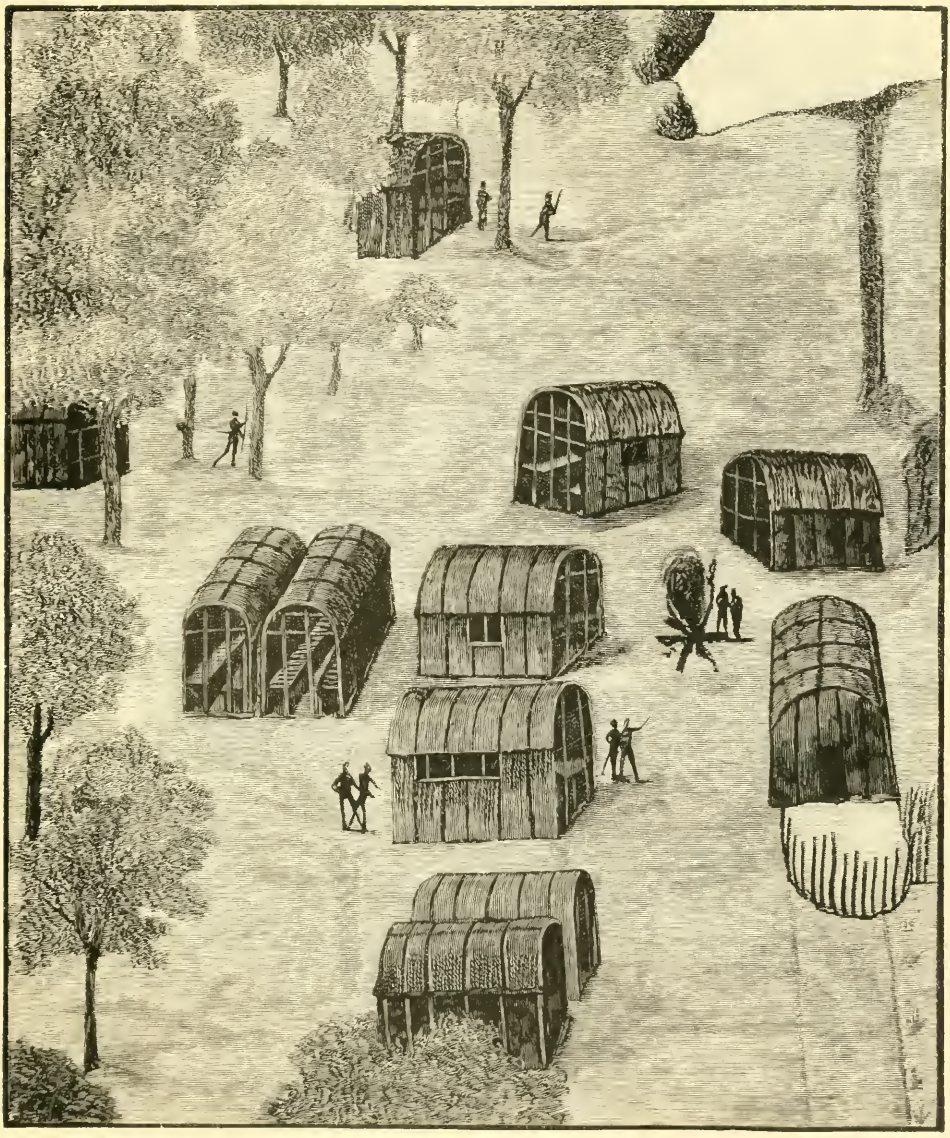
This was embarrassing for Captain Smith, who was under accusation of mutiny and was in custody. How much foundation for the charges against him existed we cannot now say; but we may well believe that in the absence of any named leader, Smith took it upon himself to direct matters more than was strictly fair. This, in a long voyage, when men's tempers are exasperated by

sufferings and by close confinement in little space, might well make enemies and lead to the dissensions spoken of. No doubt Smith deserved some punishment, or he would not have been so treated.

On the 13th of May, after settling a difference of opinion between Wingfield and Gosnold, they chose the site for their settlement, and then the members of the council were sworn, except Smith, and upon Wingfield's being elected president, he made a speech explaining why Smith was excluded from the council.

Then all took up axes to clear spaces for their tents, while the council "contrive the fort." Some were put to work cutting the felled trees into clapboards to send to England when the ships returned, some laid out gardens, others made nets, while the Indians would make friendly visits—being perhaps better disposed since the skirmish that had taught them something of the power of firearms.

In reading history such as is taught in schools, we are likely to forget the long times of everyday labors and minor happenings that come between the exciting occurrences we read with so much interest. Had we been at this founding of Jamestown, we should no doubt have enjoyed the



INDIAN HOUSES OF THIS PERIOD

From John White's original drawing, now in the British Museum

L. of C.

first sight of the New World, the visits of the strange natives, the unusual plants and animals, the thickly grown woods and thickets of the wilderness, the abundance of birds. But when it came to the felling of great trees, the splitting of thick logs, the dragging of heavy branches, the cooking, washing, cleaning—then we might well be glad we came later, and rejoice that our land is already settled, and that we live in softer times.

"On the seven and twentieth day of April," says George Percy, a younger brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and a volunteer in the expedition, "we began to build up our shallop," a strong boat fitted to navigate the rivers. It was launched the next day, and used to explore the shores of the bay and the watercourses running into it. The first river on the south proved too shallow for even small boats, and they landed on a sandy shoal "five miles in compass without either bush or tree," and there found a great canoe or pirogue, forty-five feet long and hollowed from a single tree, besides oysters and mussels "as thick as stones," and many containing pearls. At another place Percy tells of finding strawberries "four times bigger and better than ours in England," as he puts it. Their next attempt to find

a watercourse was more successful, as the sounding-line showed that the second river (that afterward named James River) was from forty to eighty feet deep. Pleased by this good fortune, they named the cape near by "Cape Comfort." It is still known by the name they gave—being Old Point Comfort.

Within a day or two afterward they saw savages on that point, and made friends with them, learning that the place was by them called "Kecoughtan." With these natives and others roundabout they had some friendly intercourse, but naturally both parties were suspicious, and several times a battle was narrowly avoided.

It would be interesting to repeat young Percy's account of the land and people, but since Captain Smith was all this time in confinement, these observations do not directly concern him, and therefore cannot be set forth here; they belong rather to the general history of the colony than to the life of the English captain.

Next to providing themselves with habitations and food, it was necessary for the colonists to know something more of the land about them. So Newport and Captain Smith, with about twenty companions, were sent to explore the deep

river the boat-party had found. Very likely the president of the council, Wingfield, was glad to have Smith busy and away from the settlement, but there is no justice in the suggestion that he had any hope that there would be trouble with the Indians so that Smith would come to grief. Wingfield did not think there was likelihood of dangers from the natives, for they had seemed so friendly that Wingfield even opposed the building of a strong fort as a waste of labor, and was inclined to be satisfied with a mere breastwork of branches which had been thrown together by Kendall, one of the council.

Captain Newport was in command of the boat expedition, and the explorers proceeded without danger for six days, passing small Indian towns, and meeting with much kindness from the Indians along the shores.

The river expedition used the small sail-boat, the shallop, much like a large sloop, and this was well provisioned for the journey into unknown regions. The party comprised fourteen sailors, four "mariners" (probably petty officers), and certain "gentlemen." Captain Newport's resolve was to find the head of the river which he believed to flow from a lake, the mountains

"Apalatsi" (Appalachian range), or "the sea again."

They left at noonday, and by night had made eighteen miles, which brought them to a meadow where the Indians were friendly and entertained them by dancing. Here they anchored for the night, and next day made another sixteen miles before coming to an islet where they found turkeys and blackbirds, and made a meal. Eight savages came up in a canoe, and being hailed by the word *"Wingapoh!"*—a "word of kindness the explorers had learned"—came ashore. Sign-talk followed, and an Indian began to draw with his foot a map of the river. Pen and paper were offered, and he completed for the white men a sketch of the river's course from the bay upward as far as the boats could go. The same kindly fellow brought them some dried oysters afterward, and induced other Indians to bring nuts, fruits, and grain. Twenty-two miles farther were made that night, and they slept on their vessel.

The following day they discovered that their Indian friend had sent word of their coming, and they were kindly received everywhere, especially by one chief, or "werowance," named Arahatec,

who fed Captain Newport on deer's-meat, and presented to him his crown or head-dress of deer-hair dyed red. As they sat thus, seeing their dances and taking tobacco, suddenly news arrived that " Powhatan," to whom this smaller chief was subject, was come, whereupon all rose to greet him, save the chief and his white guests, and the explorers presented to the new-comer penny knives, beads, and so on.

From here the explorers secured their friend, the map-maker, as a guide, and went onward, greeted by clusters of kindly natives on the shore; and " thinking the ten miles they made to be scarce five because of the pleasure and joy they took of their kind entertainment," they came to Powhatan's town, which was separated from the river by a garden wherein, they tell us, the Indians raised " wheat, beans, pease, tobacco, pumpkins, gourds, hemp, flax, etc." (leaving one to wonder what the and-so-forth could cover!).

The settlement had no very great extent, consisting of twelve houses. But it was a larger place than this number would seem to indicate, as the Indian houses were big barn-like structures framed of branches and covered with bark slabs, meant to contain several families. A pas-

sage ran through the middle, and at the sides, built like stalls, were the families' apartments. Fires were built in the center, and thus warmed the separate rooms.

Powhatan, the town, was upon a hill near the river, and opposite it were three fertile islands and about it were the corn-fields where maize grew. "Of this place the people were called Powhatans, and the chief, Powhatan," we are told. But really, as we now know, the great chief's name was Wahunsunakok, though, in accordance with the Indians' custom, this name was never used and was concealed, the superstition being that an enemy knowing one's name would thereby have power to work mischief to its owner.

They were led up the hill and received kindly by the chief they believed to be Powhatan, beside whom sat Arahatec, and another (probably a medicine-man). "Powhatan" succeeded in making them understand something of the tribes bordering on the river, one side of which was held by his friends and allies, while there was another tribe hostile to him. The English seized the opportunity to vow that the same foes had also attacked them, and thus united the friendly alliance

with Powhatan and his allies that the King offered. To seal the treaty the Indian presented his gown to Captain Newport, and pronounced "the most kind words of salutation that may be" —which were these, "*Wingapoh chemuze!*"

Then they took their departure and resumed the journey up the river, accompanied by six Indians, in hostage for whom they left one of their comrades, and rowed some three miles, and there came upon falls which stopped their further progress. These falls are on the site of the city of Richmond. At this they rejoiced, because they were eager to finish their expedition, but were grieved also because they had some hope that they might be upon a strait leading into the Pacific—an idea they had read from some of the signs made by the kindly Indian who had made them a map.

On the way back they picked up their hostage, who had been treated with all honor and kindness, and rewarded the chief by a feast of boiled pork and peas. Certain of their goods having been stolen by the Indians, the chief caused all to be restored, and made what amends he could.

The English tried to persuade the Indians to conduct them by foot into the country beyond the

falls, but were discouraged by the Indians' advice and by reports of hostile tribes further inland. So they gave up their plan, deeming it wiser to keep on good terms with the natives than to explore further; but they set up a cross inscribed "Iacobus Rex, 1607," to claim the river for King James. Seeing their Indian guide's curiosity, they told him that the two arms of the cross stood for King Powhatan and Captain Newport, and the tying of them signified their alliance, "which cheered him not a little"!

On meeting Powhatan on their return, the guide repeated this story, much to the chief's pleasure, and they parted with mutual good will. King Arahatec, however, had suffered from the liquor they had given him, and it was some time before he could join them in another banquet on deer's-meat, first roasted and then boiled in their usual fashion. After dinner there were exhibitions of mimic warfare by both Indians and white men, and the natives were astounded to see and hear the effect of the strangers' firearms.

Next they visited an Indian queen, a fat woman of great dignity, and afterward the Chief Opechancanough, who "so set his countenance striving to be stately as to our seeming he became a

fool," and who appeared to them to be rich in copper and "pearls"—though the latter were probably wampum. When they had gone a little way, their Indian guide left them, though he was invaluable as an interpreter, and they made the best of their way down to the fort, for fear some disaster might have overtaken the settlement.

Upon reaching their companions, they learned that the Indians had made an attack in force while the settlers were quietly at work, with their weapons stowed away in "dry fats," that is, vats or boxes. The attack might have destroyed the whole party, except that by a lucky shot from the ships a big bough was cut from a tree and fell among the redmen, putting them to flight. By the attack a boy in the pinnace was killed, and seventeen men wounded; but it had the good effect of showing President Wingfield the savages were dangerous, and he gave his consent to strengthening the fort by palisades, and organizing and drilling the settlers. A few men were shot at from ambuscades, and there were alarms for a week, but no determined attack followed.

These days were toilsome, since in building the fort, mounting the cannon, guarding the workers from attack, watching at night, felling trees,

loading the vessels for the return voyage, preparing the ground for corn, there was enough and to spare of tasks for all of the colonists, who numbered little more than a hundred. Of these fifty-five ranked as "gentlemen," four were boys, and of the rest twelve were "footmen that never did know what a day's work was." Later, Captain Smith declared that "a hundred good workmen were worth a thousand such gallants," or dandies.

Meanwhile, Newport decided that it was time he began the return voyage to England; a decision that may have been welcomed by the colonizers, since his men—the sailors—helped to eat up the scanty and half-spoiled barley that formed the colonists' main food, and idled about collecting what they hoped was gold-dust, though it proved to be merely powdered mica. But before the fleet left there was a matter to be settled.

Captain Smith was still kept from his place in the council under the accusation of mutiny; and now his accusers—principally Wingfield—declared that they did not mean to be hard upon him, but would report him to the council in England for a "check" or reproval, instead of punishing him further.

Smith would not consent to this, and he demanded trial upon all their charges, and "so well demeaned himself," as was written later by another hand, "as all the company did see his innocence and his adversaries' malice; and those suborned [hired] to accuse him, accused his accusers of subornation [hiring false testimony]." There was a complete change of sentiment toward him, and President Wingfield was condemned to pay Smith damages for the false accusation, in the sum of two hundred pounds, an amount equal to something like four or five times as much today. Then all Wingfield's property was seized in satisfaction of the judgment, and made over to Captain Smith. But Smith was too wise, or too noble, to retain it, and handed all over for the general store of the colony.

Hard feelings sprang from the trial and its results, but by the peace-making efforts of the preacher, Master Hunt, all were reconciled, and then Smith was admitted to his place in the council. Thereupon peace was confirmed by all going to church together and attending a celebration of the communion. On the next day messages were received from the Indians desiring peace, and Captain Newport, having made all prepara-

tions, weighed anchor and sailed down the bay for the voyage to England, leaving the colony apparently in a fair state of prosperity. It was then the month of June, 1607, they had the summer before them, were fairly well fortified, and were at peace among themselves and with the Indians.

CHAPTER XI

FAILURE OF THE FOOD SUPPLY—ATTEMPTS TO TRADE WITH THE INDIANS

AFTER Newport and his sailors left for England the hard times began, for so long as the ships with their stores had remained the sailors would barter their own biscuit (hardtack) and sea-stores for "money, sassafras, furs, or love." When the colonists were left to their own resources they had no regular rations but wheat and barley that had been some half-year in the hold of the ships and was wormy and spoiled; and even of this there was but half a pint for each man a day. It was boiled into a mess, and being hardly more than bran contained little nourishment.

Added to the bad food, the men were forced to watch against Indian attacks, and thus had too little sleep. "Our drink was water, our lodgings, castles in the air," they write, by which Arber, the editor of Smith's book, declares, it is meant

that they slept in trees. Meanwhile they were in a marshy place beside the river, and were forced to labor hard in driving palisades about their fort, despite the heat. Naturally, the poor fellows, many being unused to hardship of any kind, broke down under it, and fell sick. Young Percy gives the fullest account of the miseries of this time. He says, "There were never Englishmen left in a foreign country in such misery as we were in this newly discovered Virginia." There at their feet was the river water, which at high tide was salt from the inflowing sea water, and at low tide "full of slime and filth, which was the destruction of many of our men, for they drank of it."

From August, 1607, to the beginning of 1608, they had not five healthy men to man their fortress in case of an attack. The men lay about the fort, groaning day and night, "most pitiful to hear." They died, sometimes three or four in a night, and if the Indians had attacked them all would have been slain almost without resistance. But the alliance with the chiefs had been a wise policy, for the friendly Indians had threatened to make war upon the hostile tribes if these disturbed the English.

Greetings came to the settlement, three days after Newport sailed, from "the great Powhatan," who lived ten miles away on the Pamunkey River; for it seems that the other Indian, called "Powhatan" by Newport, the one he had met during the boat expedition, was only an inferior chieftain. But the friendly treaty made with him was now ratified by the greater chief, and to this the colony owed its freedom from attack during its helpless state, which, indeed, was carefully hidden from the Indians by excluding them from the town.

There was little chance of recovery when once any fell sick; and during August the deaths were unceasing, while the living were scarcely able to bury the dead. Nearly half of them were gone by September, and there was among the survivors so much dissatisfaction with their president that it was resolved to depose him. He was accused of having withheld from the men and reserved for his private use certain of the stores; but it is at least certain that he had not made a good manager, and, as Smith says, "he had ordered the affairs in such sort that he was generally hated of all." A vote was taken, Wingfield was removed as president, and also from the

council, and Captain Ratcliffe was elected in his place.

Bartholomew Gosnold, the originator of the whole expedition, was among those who had died, and he, too, had been a member of the council; so King James's device for governing the colony was pretty well broken down within a few weeks after their landing, and three men, Smith, Martin, and Ratcliffe were managing the colony.

In a new country the real rulers will be the men who can do things; and the Virginians were gradually learning who was their true leader, as by the test of adversity the unfit were one by one set aside. It is not necessary that we should judge too harshly either Wingfield or his enemies. It was a trying time, when all their lives were at stake, and we cannot blame Wingfield for trying to carry out his instructions, nor his adversaries for believing they could manage better than he had done. It is pitiful to read their squabblings, which seem like the snarling of hungry dogs over a bone, and it is enough to record the fact that Wingfield gladly gave up his office, was imprisoned in the pinnace under guard, and Ratcliffe, the new president, undertook to administer affairs.

But, to the general joy of the starving men, there now arrived relief from the friendly Indians, who carried in food just as the shoals of fish on which the colonists had been living had left the waters near the settlement, and their remaining provisions were not sufficient for more than three weeks. Strengthened by this timely aid, the men set to work once more to make themselves a home.

The president, Ratcliffe, and Martin, "being little beloved, of weak judgment in dangers, and less industry in peace, committed the managing of all things abroad [that is, out of doors, as Arber explains] to Captain Smith, who by his own example, good words, and fair promises set some to mow, others to bind thatch, some to build houses, others to thatch them, himself always bearing the greater task for his own share, so that in a short time he provided many of them lodgings, neglecting any for himself." So say the others; while Smith himself says that the sickness of Ratcliffe and Martin forced him to take charge of all the stores, "and yet to spare no pains in making houses for our little company; who notwithstanding our misery little ceased their malice, grudging, and muttering."

But the relief brought by the Indians did not last long, and it became necessary to go farther afield to secure larger stores. Smith decided to take their boat—the shallop already mentioned—and to visit the friendly Indian village at Kecoughtan, near the mouth of the river, hoping to catch fish or find supplies.

There could be few men spared for the expedition, only six or seven in all, and these were ignorant of the language of the natives, ill-clad, and too weak to fight their way. They soon found that they need expect little consideration; for on arriving at the Indian town, their offers to trade were treated with derision, the natives pretending to be willing to give no more than a handful of corn for a sword or musket, or for the white men's clothing. Captain Smith "in like scorn offered them like commodities; but the children," he says, "or any who showed extraordinary kindness, I liberally contented with free gifts of such trifles as" pleased them. Then he anchored, and next day tried again to trade, but with like result; whereupon he lost his patience. For it is ill joking with hungry men; and when Smith had seen that diplomacy and sweet words were not likely to bring out any provisions, he "let fly his

muskets," and followed the roar of the firearms by running his boat ashore to attack the village.

This argument was at least effective in disposing of the Indians, who took to the woods, leaving their village and their heaped-up stores of grain at the disposal of the white visitors. The others wished to help themselves to the provisions; but Smith was an old soldier, and insisted that the enemy would soon return in force. Luckily his advice was taken.

For not long afterward came sixty or seventy savages in war-paint, "black, white and particolored," in a solid square, singing, dancing, and marching under the protection of their "*Okee* (which was an idol made of skins, stuffed with moss, all painted and hung with chains and copper)." With bows and arrows, clubs and shields they charged the English, but were received by a volley of grape-shot—pistol-bullets shot from muskets. The savages again fled, leaving a number of wounded on the field, and abandoning their Okee to the English invaders.

The loss of the Okee brought the superstitious Indians to submission. They sent messengers to ask for peace; and Captain Smith granted them the right to return to their village on condition

that they would send six unarmed men to load the boat with corn, for which he also promised to make full payment in beads, copper, and hatchets.

This mixture of bullying with justice won their savage hearts, and "they brought him venison, turkeys, wild-fowl, bread, and what they had," singing and dancing in sign of friendship till the English departed from this rather exciting expedition to market. On their way home they fell in with another tribe of Indians, the Warraskoyacks (to adopt one of three differing spellings), on the southern bank of the James,—two of their canoes being met in the river,—and from these secured further supplies, so that Smith brought back to the settlement nearly thirty bushels of corn, which with good management ought to have put them beyond all immediate need.

But good management was precisely the quality that was lacking. The men in charge were the "gentlemen," the very men who were not used to looking sharply after practical matters; sailors who knew nothing of getting their living out of the soil; and generally those used to having their living provided for by others. It

was natural that Captain Smith, the runaway prentice, sailor, soldier, farmer, adventurer, and Jack-of-all-trades, should come to the front, and sweep away the cobwebs of red tape that would have strangled the infant colony in its cradle.

He knew the Indians had corn, and he meant to get it, peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must. With the pinnace and the shallop he sailed up and down the rivers, offering iron chisels—the only commodity of which the English had plenty—for food to keep his companions alive. These iron chisels were of the utmost value to the Indians, since their tools and weapons were of shell and bone and stone.

But from the nearer tribes they could not get enough food for their wants; so when they had provisions ahead for only two weeks, it was decided to fit up the boats for an expedition to Powhatan, further up the James River. All three of the leading men of the settlement, Smith, Ratcliffe, and Martin, had been sick like the rest; but Smith was entirely restored to health, and the others were able to be about; so they felt that they could spare the men for the expedition, especially since they now had cabins in which to shelter themselves at night, and their fort had

long been completed and mounted with cannon ready to repulse any attack.

Lots being drawn to decide the commanding of the expedition, Captain Smith was chosen, and while the rigging of the boats was in progress he continued his trading with their Indian neighbors, making a trip to the Toppahannock country, which lay east of Jamestown, and was reached by ascending the river Rappahannock. But there were only women and children in the town when the English arrived, and there was nobody at home when they landed, for there was a hasty scampering to the sheltering woods by these defenseless natives. Smith succeeded in persuading them to return, but to no purpose, as they dared not trade. As he says, "truck [trade] they durst not; corn they had plenty; and to spoil [rob] I had no commission." He was therefore forced to depart empty-handed, sailing down the river again to Chesapeake Bay, and attempting on the way home to get corn from the Paspahegh Indians—the "treacherous and churlish" natives who had already given the colonists so much trouble. From them he secured ten or twelve bushels, but while loading their boat with this grain the Indians tried to steal the English-

men's muskets and swords, which nearly led to a battle.

After such an experience the English kept these natives at a distance, allowing only a few to come near to trade. As night came on, seeing they were followed along the river-bank, Smith deemed it prudent to run no risk of an attack, and so returned to the fort without more than the ten bushels already secured.

CHAPTER XII

CAPTAIN SMITH IS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS

YET the food secured with so much trouble was by "the rest carelessly spent," and the need for the voyage to the Powhatan country was as urgent as ever. There was a tributary of the James leading northward and westward, the Chickahominy River, and Smith resolved to explore it, and for this purpose went with eight men in the barge, as the smaller boat was fitter for shoal water, while the pinnace with seven men was to follow in order to act as freight-carrier or base of supplies. On the 9th of November, 1607, the barge or shallop started. The pinnace awaited the next tide, having been ordered to go as far as Point Weanock, some twenty miles from Jamestown, there to await the shallop's return.

Smith, by afternoon, had reached Paspahegh Bay, which is shown on his map not far above

Weanock, and there remained during ebb-tide; here he was fortunate to meet one of the Chickahominy Indians, who offered to act as guide, in spite of the objections of the Paspaheghs (who seem to have been the only Indians in the region with sense enough to oppose the white invaders at every turn—wherefore they were called "churlish and treacherous" by the colonists). By moonlight the journey was made, and they came to the town of their friendly guide, and one of the English going to visit the town by invitation was kindly entertained. Next morning Captain Smith also made a visit, taking with him copper and hatchets, and showing the Indians what advantages they might gain by trading.

There was great eagerness to trade, a hundred Indians at one time bringing corn to the river-bank; but Captain Smith showed his shrewdness by not seeming too eager. He bought what he could, and then proceeded up the river, visiting the towns Manosquosick, a large settlement of thirty or forty houses, Oraniocke, Mansa, Apanaock, Werawahone, and finally Mamanahunt, being kindly received at all, "especially at the last, being the heart of the country, where were

assembled two hundred people with such abundance of corn as, having loaded our barge, I also might have laded a ship."

Then the Englishmen, considering the want of provisions at home, returned with the ebbing tide to find the pinnace aground—most things in the colony did "run aground" unless Smith was there to keep them afloat—and "unladed seven hogsheads into our store."

The reader, seeing how much corn the Indians could spare and with how little trouble they seemed to live, will be likely to wonder why the colonists had suffered so for lack of food; and the colonists themselves felt that this question would be asked at home. They made their defense in the "Oxford tract," or, as it is called on the title-page, "The Proceedings of the English Colony in Virginia," published at Oxford in 1612. They say the council at home were not to blame, since "the fault of our going was our own. What could be thought fitting or necessary, we had; but what we should find, what we should want, where we should be, we were all ignorant. And supposing to make our passage in two months with victual to live and the advantage of the spring to work, we were at sea five months, where we both

spent our victual and lost the opportunity of the time and season to plant."

This time was lost by going around by the Canary Islands, and thus doubling the journey across the ocean; an unnecessary proceeding, as Bartholomew Gosnold's voyage to Cape Cod had already proved. But Newport was captain, Gosnold only a passenger, and so the time was lost; and after their belated landing in Virginia, Gosnold's life was one of the penalties paid for the neglect of his example. The fault was Newport's, though Gosnold was the sacrifice. Probably Newport was afraid of the northern latitude in a winter voyage, for it must be remembered they had sailed in December, and it was not until May they had landed, and then had no time to prepare for planting.

During Captain Smith's absence a conspiracy had been formed, Wingfield and Kendall being accused of it, to seize the pinnace that lay near the shore, already provisioned for the voyage, and to escape in her to England.

This conspiracy was discovered through a quarrel that arose between Ratcliffe and one James Read, the blacksmith of the colony. The president of the council had reproved the black-

smith for some fault, and had beaten him, whereupon the tradesman returned the blows, or attempted to do so; and as the president was considered an officer and representative of the King, this insubordination was considered high treason, and the tradesman was condemned to be hanged.

The council, according to Wingfield's account, were accustomed to beat and whip the settlers, and no doubt felt their only safety against them was in severity of discipline. At all events, the gallows was erected, the blacksmith was about to be executed, when he begged leave to speak privately to the president. The request granted, the conspiracy was revealed, and then Kendall, being brought to trial, was by a jury condemned as ringleader and was shot. The narrative is not entirely clear just here, but it seems that upon the revealing of their guilt the conspirators seized the pinnace and attempted, at about the time of Smith's return, to sail away. The guns of the fort were turned on the vessel, and, either by threats or by force, the pinnace was held, Kendall secured, tried, condemned, and executed. Another attempt to abandon the colony was made by Wingfield and Archer, by means of a resolution put to vote, but this more legal attack also was

met by Smith with equal decision and promptness, Martin aiding him, and the colony was again saved from ruin.

Let us pause for a moment to recall one by one the names of the seven councilors appointed by the King, and to see what six months had revealed in regard to their characters and capabilities for governing. The first was Newport. He had almost ruined the colony at the beginning by insisting upon the old route over the sea, and he was now absent seeking supplies in England. Second, Gosnold, who fell sick, and died on the 22d of August. Third, Wingfield, incompetent, deposed, and accused of treachery—perhaps with good cause. Fourth, John Smith, again and again the savior of the colony by wisdom, enterprise, pluck, and fair dealing, for which his reward so far had been—suspicion, imprisonment, grumbling, distrust, and the heavy end of every enterprise. Fifth, Ratcliffe, weak, overbearing, quarrelsome, and with worse to follow. Sixth, Martin, a man useless through invalidism, and of little force when well. Seventh, Kendall, a mischief-maker and intriguer always, and at last a detected traitor, and shot as a felon.

If Captain Smith did presume a little on his ability to manage affairs, shall we blame him?

And it must not be forgotten that the accounts of all the parties have been consulted in making up this estimate of the individual value of the colonists' officials.

The pressing question, as usual, was the food-supply. "The Spaniard never more greedily desired gold than Smith victual; nor his soldiers more to abandon the colony than he to keep it." The "victual" was procured from the dwellers on the Chickahominy, and, besides, at the approach of winter there were wild fowl in plenty on the rivers, and "divers sort of wild beasts as fat as we could eat them," and prospects seemed to brighten. They began to think of Newport's return, and desired to have some good news for him. So the council urged Smith to renew his exploration of the Chickahominy, and even argued that he need not have turned back so soon —that "he had been too slow in so worthy an attempt."

Smith was not likely to take this "dare," and he might have retorted that his returns from each of his former expeditions had been just in the nick of time to save those left at home from ruin. But he has satisfied himself by the insertion of a good-humored joke in his memoirs. He writes

that, now there was such plenty to eat, "none of our tuftataffaty humorists desired to go for England." This needs a word of explanation. "Tuftataffaty" is for "tufty-taffety," that is, in ragged velvet, from tuft-taffeta or tufted taffeta, and hence means "ragged" or "shabby genteel"; while "humorists" means "fanciful" or "full of notions"; so we might, putting the sentence into our own way of speaking, say: "So long as there was something to fill their mouths, these scatter-brained, shabby-genteel dandies were willing to stay." This meaning of the words is given by Simms in his life of Smith, and he quotes from the old poet Donne some lines in which the word is used in the same sense:

> "Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
> Velvet, but 't was now become tufftaffaty."

These fine gentlemen in rags, now well fed and well housed, began to think it would have been easy to go much farther than Smith had done; in fact, they could not see why he had not made his way right through the continent of America and into the ocean on the other side. *They* would have done it, except that they had not been feel-

ing well; and even Smith might have gone to the head of the Chickahominy, they suggested.

Smith, willing to oblige and, probably, preferring to get out into the wilderness, where at least he was free from the continual whining and criticism, got together his expeditionary force and left the colonists to their eating, squabbling, and grumbling.

He went about forty miles up the river, finding fertile lands on both banks and seeing a profusion of wild fowl, and came to a marshy district where the river "united itself," or made a ring-loop, at a town called Apocant, "the highest town inhabited." As the water was shallow, the explorer now took to the barge and pushed forward ten miles, having at one place to chop in two a fallen tree that blocked the channel. The width here was at high water only some ten feet at most, and at low water not more than seven feet—apparently giving little promise of opening out into the ocean that led to India! Smith had thus satisfied himself that he was near the head of the river; but he did not mean this time to go back to the tuftataffety gentlemen without being able to say that he had made certain of the source of the Chickahominy. It was resolved, therefore, to re-

turn to Apocant, the only settlement in this wilderness, to leave the barge, and hire a canoe that would carry them into the narrowest channels. The canoe and two Indians were soon secured, and those in the barge, seven men, were ordered to remain at anchor in the stream near Apocant, while Smith with two companions (Emery and Robinson) set forward, paddled by their Indian guides, on the pretense of going "a-fowling."

Evidently Captain Smith did not altogether approve of this expedition, for he excuses it by the plea that he had been so severely criticized, that there was likelihood of coming to some lake near by, and that the council in England would expect some reports of explorations. Besides, he says that the Indians had been friendly, and apparently the region was an uninhabited wilderness.

For twenty miles more the canoe was paddled along the windings of the narrow stream, finding it neither broader nor narrower, but much cumbered with trees, and then, having reached a point some twelve miles farther than the barge had gone, they went ashore to boil their kettle. While Emery and Robinson remained on the river-bank with one of the Indians, Captain Smith and the other guide made an exploration round about.

He had ordered the two men left behind to keep a match burning (that is, a fuse, for their guns were matchlocks and fired by means of a burning fuse), and to fire a shot at the first sight of any Indian.

Within quarter of an hour Smith heard an outcry, and then a hallooing of Indians, but no report of the matchlock. Suspecting that their guides had betrayed them, Captain Smith seized the one with him, and fastened a garter around the man's arm, twisting the other end around his own hand, to prevent the Indian from escaping, and with pistol drawn stood ready to shoot the guide. But the Indian seemed willing to aid Smith to escape, and showed no signs of guilt.

As they went on through the woods, an arrow struck Smith on the right thigh, but without harm, perhaps glancing instead of striking square; and then, seeing two Indians with their bows drawn, Smith fired at them with his pistol, preventing the shot. He loaded hastily, and three or four more Indians then aimed at him, the first two having been scared by the pistol-shot and fled. Both parties let fly, and Smith sheltered himself behind the guide, "making him my barricade," the guide not attempting to resist.

THE CAPTURE OF CAPTAIN SMITH IN THE MARSH

From an old print in Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia"

Twenty or thirty arrows were shot, but fell short, the Indians apparently wishing to keep out of pistol-range; and Smith also fired three or four times without doing much damage. The Indians meanwhile kept increasing in number, until some two hundred men under Opechancanough, the Pamunkey chief, had surrounded the lonely white man and threatened him with drawn bows. They lay on the ground, but did not shoot, either because they wished to take him alive, or because they feared the pistol—that wonder-working weapon—might be turned upon him who should discharge an arrow and miss his mark.

Parleying began with the guide. He told the attacking party that Smith was the captain of the expedition, and that he demanded to be allowed to return to the boat. They demanded Smith's arms, telling him the other two men had been killed, but promising to take him prisoner. Meanwhile the guide was begging Smith not to shoot, and Smith was discreetly backing away. But, "minding them more than my steps," he says, "I stepped fast into the quagmire." The guide, trying to pull him out, also sank into the swampy ground, and Smith saw there was no

hope of escaping. He "resolved to try their mercies," and threw his arms from him, for they dared not come near so long as he was armed; and then he was seized and taken out of the quagmire a captive—where we leave him in safe custody while we briefly record the fortunes of the seven men left with the barge at Apocant.

These men paid no attention to their leader's orders to remain in the boat, but went ashore soon after the canoe was out of sight, perhaps to hunt, when they were attacked by the Indians. One unfortunate man was captured, and the rest barely escaped to their boat.

The man whom they took was tortured and killed, after he had been made to point out the direction in which Smith had gone; and the Indians, some three hundred in number, under Opechancanough, scouted through the woods after the exploring party. Robinson and Emery, Smith's companions, being found by their fire, were slain by a volley of arrows, and then the search went on until Smith fell into their hands.

At first they treated him with apparent kindness, rubbing his benumbed arms and legs,—for he was "near dead with the cold,"—and bringing him to the fire beside which Emery and Robinson

had been "shot full of arrows." Smith, as soon as he was able to move freely, demanded which was their captain, and was directed to Opechancanough; and now follows a scene which the critics of Smith consider a piece of absurd and wilful lying.

Smith must have told the story, of course, since no other white man was there, and as it is told it certainly seems on cursory reading incredible. It appears in the narrative of Smith himself entitled "A True Relation," and also, with fuller detail, in the "Generall Historie of Virginia." As Smith recounts the matter in his own book, it reads thus: "I presented him with a compass-dial, describing by my best means the use thereof; whereat he so amazedly admired, as he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the roundness of the earth, the course of the sun, moon, stars, and planets." In the second account this is enlarged as follows: "He gave [him] a round, ivory, double compass-dial. Much they marveled at the playing of the fly and needle, which they could see so plainly and yet not touch it because of the glass that covered them. But when he demonstrated by that globe-like jewel the roundness of the earth and skies, the sphere

of the sun, moon, and stars, and how the sun did chase the night round about the world continually, the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions, and how we were to them antipodes, and many other such like matters, they all stood as amazed with admiration."

This passage surely sounds as if Captain Smith was saying that he delivered a learned lecture to the Indians, and lightly glanced from earth to heaven and heaven to earth again, with an ease and learning that we should hardly expect from one who had but a half-hour before been dependent upon his guide to interpret to the Indians the terms upon which he was willing to surrender.

Edward Eggleston's general opinion of John Smith's veracity is put thus: "His writings on practical questions are terse, epigrammatic, and were beyond the wisdom of his time. But where his own adventures or credit are involved he is hardly more trustworthy than Falstaff." Of this compass interview Eggleston says: "The apocryphal story of his expounding the solar-system by means of a pocket-compass to savages whose idiom he had had no opportunity to learn is to be found only in his later writings."

This seems hardly a fair statement. "Expounding the solar system" is hardly what even the fuller account represents the captive to have done. The compass was not a simple pocket-compass; it was a "round dial-compass," and evidently a globe in form. Judging from the brief description, Smith had a sphere of ivory set with a glass cover at each end or pole. In this was a "fly," or disk, showing both faces. One had a compass-needle fixed upon it, and the points of the compass marked; the other side was a dial—a sun-dial, with the little gnomon, and the hours marked upon the disk. This exactly fits the words, "a round, ivory, *double* compass *dial.*"

The importance of understanding this lies in the fact that the possession of such a sphere would make the "expounding of the solar-system" a much simpler matter. As to the language, Captain Smith had been in Virginia since May 6, 1607, and it was now near the middle of December; that is, he had spent over seven months in the country, and had been much with the Indians, traveling, trading, and exploring. They were all of Algonkin stock, and spoke either the same language or dialects of it. Is it too much to suppose that a traveler, used to ac-

quiring the most useful and the most general words, had not picked up enough of the language to express simple ideas in simple phrases? But it may be objected that these ideas were not "simple." Let us see.

"He demonstrated [showed] by [the roundness of] this jewel [this word then meant any little trinket or ornament] the roundness of the earth and skies, the roundness of the sun, moon, and stars." All this required only to make the savages see that the shape of all these things was *like* that of the ivory sphere. Mere signs might have done nearly as much with a race so alert in reading signs as are the American Indians, and a few words would at least have shown them his meaning. "How the sun did chase the night around" would have required nothing more than a pebble to represent the sun; and for the "diversity of nations and variety of complexions" the paleface Smith and his dusky captors were object-lesson enough. Using the little ivory globe as a symbol of the earth, it would not be hard for him to mark or touch on its surface the positions of his land and theirs, and thus to give them the idea that the English came from one side while the Indians lived on the opposite.

Whether the Indians understood him is another story. At all events, they could see that the compass refused to turn with its outer box; that they saw, yet could not touch, the inner parts; and they may have believed (as Katharine Woods suggests in her very careful biography of John Smith) that by means of the powerful medicine of his magical ivory "jewel" Smith claimed to rule earth, sun, moon, and stars.

However it may be, there is nothing improbable in the story when read with fair and impartial judgment; and we may believe it without considering ourselves in any way credulous. It must be remembered also that our standards of narration are much stricter than those of the seventeenth century. To our notion, everything relating to a new country or a savage people may be of great importance, and if told at all should be told with absolute accuracy; to their thinking, the important thing was to give a good general idea of the situation and happening. Besides, there were some eight or nine writers concerned in the production of the "Generall Historie of Virginia," and there would not have been the least scruple in revising, editing, or embellishing the narrative for the purpose of making it more attractive.

We see the process even in the publishing of Shakspere's dramas, which are of the period.

There are few of Smith's critics who could come out as creditably as he, if their writings were to be subjected to so strict an examination.

Let us be at least fair, and grant to Captain Smith the same treatment that would be awarded a modern explorer or historian.

CHAPTER XIII

SMITH'S CAPTIVITY—HE IS TAKEN BEFORE POWHATAN

THERE are certain contradictions in the story of the colony as told by the various colonists, and these will be noticed as they occur. But those readers who wish to make a critical examination of these matters will find them fully treated in books devoted more especially to that side of the subject. This book is meant to give an idea of Captain Smith and of his doings, and will discuss the value of the testimony only where that is necessary to decide what statements should be considered true, and what need modifying. There will be stated here as facts only such happenings as seem proved by all the evidence, and nothing will be inserted knowingly that is pure guess-work.

For instance, the reader will find it told in some lives of John Smith that just before he came to Virginia, that is, some time in 1605 or 1606, he

went on a walking tour into Ireland. It seems this statement is based upon a sentence or two in Wingfield's narrative of his troubles in the colony. Here is the passage:

"Master Smith in the time of our hunger had spread a rumor in the colony that I did feast myself and *my servants* out of the common store. . . . I told him privately in Master Gosnold's tent that indeed I had caused half a pint of pease to be sodden with a piece of pork, of my own provision, for a poor old man, which in a sickness (whereof he died) he much desired; and said that if out of his malice he had given it out otherwise that he did tell a lie. *It was proved to his face, that he begged in Ireland like a rogue, without a license. To such I would not my name should be a companion.*"

These last two sentences are the foundation for the statement about Smith's "walking tour in Ireland." But do they refer to Smith at all? Look at the accusation: "*that I did feed myself and my servants out of the common store.*" To this Wingfield replies: "I gave nothing out of the common store, but out of my own provision I gave food to a man. He was not a servant or a companion of mine, but a poor old man, a fellow

who had (as was proved to his face) been a vagrant, a beggar without a license in Ireland. He should not be called a servant or friend or companion of mine. I would not be a companion to such, and favor them above the rest." This interpretation makes Wingfield's answer a full, plain, and categorical denial of the charge in all its parts; while to apply the words to Captain Smith makes them absurd and unmeaning. It was the sick man who was accused of "giving it out otherwise through his malice."

There is otherwise no sense in the words "To such I would not my name should be a companion." Wingfield never held himself above Smith; on the contrary, he accuses Smith of holding himself above him (Wingfield). He writes (in the same document): "Then start up Master Smith, and said I had told him plainly how he lied; and that I said, though we were equal here, yet, if he were in England, he would think scorn his man [i.e., serving-man, as Arber says] should be my companion." This is hard to follow, but it seems to accuse Smith of "putting on airs" over Wingfield, and seems to have no reference to the other accusation. Otherwise we should have Wingfield speaking of himself in the third person

and second person (he, his, my) in the same sentence.

Another passage, in which Wingfield is supposed to speak of Smith as "the first and only practiser in these practices," will, if carefully read, be seen to refer to Archer, as is seen from Wingfield's speaking of Archer's "being here in the Town," that is, London, some time in 1608, for Arber dates Wingfield's document in that year. Archer came home with Wingfield; Smith remained in Virginia till after October, 1609; and Wingfield quotes Smith only as saying Archer was the ringleader in the plot for his deposition. These interpretations agree also with Wingfield's general sense; for, as Arber (the most careful editor of Smith's writings) says, the deposed president "is most bitter against Archer and Ratcliffe; while Smith and Martin come in least for his complaints." The most careful examination of the original text will support these readings.

But "actions speak louder than words," and it is time to follow Smith into captivity with Opechancanough and his warriors. Concerning this chief there is a tradition in Virginia that he was not by birth one of the same tribe as the great

Powhatan, though by some writers said to be his elder brother, but that he came from the Southwest, where he had seen something of the Spaniards and had learned to hate the white race. Certainly he was never their friend, and in the later history of Virginia figures as the fomenter of discord and as the contriver of the two great Indian uprisings that almost destroyed the power of the English in Virginia. These took place after Powhatan's death and Opechancanough's succession as chief. The novel "To Have and To Hold" gives an admirable account of one of these Indian conspiracies. At the time of Smith's captivity, however, Powhatan ruled, and Opechancanough was subject to him.

However much or little the Indians understood of Captain Smith's talk about the compass, there seems little doubt that, knowing him to be a powerful man among the English, they believed him a medicine-man or magician, and for this reason feared to put him to death or believed they might demand a large ransom for his release.

Smith was tied to a tree, and many Indians stood about and drew their bows as if to shoot him, when the chief held up the compass-dial and they all laid down their bows and arrows. This

was probably done to test his courage, or to see if he were a true medicine-man; and Smith may have owed his life to his courageous bearing when thus threatened, though he seems to think the chief saved him on account of the magical compass.

A triumphal procession was drawn up, the chief ordering the captured weapons to be carried before him, while the captain was conducted in his wake by three savages who held him by his arms. On each side were warriors with drawn bows and arrows on the strings, and in this order the long file wound through the woods until it came to Oropaks, a cluster of thirty or forty "hunting-houses," or wigwams. The squaws and children rushed out to meet the warriors and stare at the captive, and then the war party "performed the form of a Bishion [or bissone]," which seems to have been a sort of drill or war-dance, since the minor chiefs were on each flank "to see they kept their orders." The warriors next formed a ring and danced, with yelling and singing. "All this while Smith and the king stood in the middest, guarded, as before is said, and after three dances they all departed." The captive was now taken to a long house, and bread

and venison were offered him; but he admits that because of his uneasiness his appetite was not very good,—which a braggart might have thought not worth mentioning,—and also records his suspicion that they might be feeding him up so that he would be the daintier morsel for a cannibal feast.

Among the Indians guarding him was one to whom Smith had once given some beads and toys, and this man returned Smith's gown or cloak, which was very welcome as the cold was severe. His compass, tablets, and other pieces of property were brought back to him, and he was well treated though carefully guarded.

Naturally, he was an object of great interest to the chiefs, and they often came to talk with him of his country and their own. Smith kept his wits about him, and soon discovered that they longed to attack the fort at Jamestown, a plan strongly favored by the chief of Paspahegh, a wily savage who, Smith tells us, showed great sign of sorrow over Smith's capture, and while at Oropaks was urging the Indians to destroy the settlement. Captain Smith was closely questioned about the fort, and cheerfully gave such full information about the cannon, the hidden

mines around its walls, and concerning the early return of Captain Newport as, he says drily, "diverted their minds."

In fact, the only serious and immediate danger that threatened the prisoner came from an old man whose son lay dying from wounds inflicted by Smith's pistol-shots at the time of his capture. This old brave tried to kill the captain, but was prevented by the guards. When Smith learned the reason for the attack he asked to be taken to the young man, hoping to cure him; and at the same time he turned this incident to his own advantage with characteristic cleverness. Admitting that he was unable to save the patient, he said that there was at Jamestown a "water that would do it, if they would let him fetch it."

This, of course, they refused; but they offered to send for whatever he liked, especially as Smith said he would report how kindly they used him and that he was well, lest the English should revenge his death.

The letter was written on a leaf of Smith's table-book, or diary, and three Indians journeyed through the bitter cold and delivered the document. Meanwhile, Smith had been taken about from one Indian town to another, either to save

him from the vengeance of the relatives whose men he had shot—one was dead besides the young man he had wounded fatally, and others had slighter injuries—or to show the captive about among the various towns. They seem to have visited five settlements, and then they returned to the first town, which is here called Rasawrack, though Oropaks was the name given to the hunting settlement where the war-dance took place.

The three messengers, having delivered the letter, were amazed to see all Smith's predictions fulfilled. The colonists carried out Smith's written instructions, which had advised them to make such a demonstration as would impress the Indians, and at first the messengers ran away; but at nightfall they went to a place Smith had appointed, and there received the articles he had promised would be left for them. These they brought back, to the marveling of all, since there seemed no escape from one of two surprising conclusions: either that Smith could foretell the the future or that the bit of paper he had sent "could speak." They would have been little satisfied with this bit of "conjuring" if they had known that Smith had sent to the fort warning

of their projected attack, and all the information he could gather of the Indians' plans!

But they were certainly convinced he was a medicine-man, and soon after performed some magical ceremony with corn-meal, sticks, songs, rattles, and fasting that lasted all day. Seven medicine-men, mystically painted, took part, and that night "feasted merrily with the best provisions they could make." Twice more, on two succeeding days, the incantation was repeated, the purpose being, as they told him, "to know if he intended them well or ill."

Among other treasures the Indians exhibited to Smith a pistol (which by pretended carelessness he broke), and a bag of gunpowder, letting him know that they were keeping it till the spring in order that they might plant it, "because they would be acquainted with the nature of that seed." During this part of his captivity the Indians offered to receive Smith into their tribe, offering him life, liberty, land, and wives, if he would give his counsel in attacking the fort.

The main importance of all these particulars is to show the disposition of the Indians. They certainly were not friendly, since they had done

their best to kill all the stragglers they could catch, and were eager to attack the fort. But they were deeply impressed with the magical powers of the Englishmen, and seemed to think this power resided in their leaders; which accounts for their desire to gain Smith to their own side, and for their fear lest Captain Newport should revenge any injury done to Smith or to the colony.

At last, having gained nothing from their captive, it was decided to carry him to their great chief, Powhatan; and about the 5th of January, 1608, Smith arrived at Weramocomoco, and was brought before the great head of the tribe, the chief Wahunsunakok, whom they and we know as Powhatan.

The old chief (he was between sixty and seventy at the time) received his prisoner in full state and dignity, reclining upon a sort of couch, attended by two of his numerous wives, and wearing many chains of great pearls about his neck. His robe was of raccoon-skins. At each side were his chief men ranged upon mats, behind whom were women, wearing necklaces of white beads, and having their heads painted red. Powhatan bore himself "with such a grave and majestical

countenance as drave me into admiration to see such state in a naked savage." This old despot received Smith with much kindness, and Smith was welcomed before the chief by a shout of triumph.

CHAPTER XIV

THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN SMITH BY POCAHONTAS

AS to what followed there are two accounts, one taken from Captain Smith's letters sent home not long after the occurrence, and another published in the "Generall Historie of Virginia," to which Smith largely contributed, years afterward. The trial and condemnation of the captain is told in the second, the first giving only a conversation between the chief and the Englishman and then the statement that he was sent home. There is no hint in the first account of the attempted execution of Captain Smith, nor of the rescue by Pocahontas. And it is for this reason, mainly, that the story has been considered by some historians an invention.

But there are reasons, good reasons, for the omission of the episode from the first publication.

This account, which on the title-page is called "A True Relation of such Occurrences and Acci-

dents of Note as hath Happened in Virginia Since the First Planting of the Colony," came out in London in August, 1608, being prepared for the press by an editor whose initials are given as I. H.; and this editor admits, as Arber says, "somewhat more was by him [Smith] written, which being, as I thought, fit to be private, I would not adventure to make it public." So the "True Relation," as any one may see by reading this preface, was not a complete publication, and besides was meant to present the colony as an attractive place to emigrants; and the editor might well have doubted the wisdom of showing how nearly Captain Smith had come to being put to death by the "noble Emperor" Powhatan. But whether Smith in his own writing of the "True Relation" did or did not mention Pocahontas, there is a better test of the truth of the story than the mere presence of it in one place and its absence in another. That test is whether the story needs to be true in order to account for what *is* there. Now, in the "True Relation," as well as in every one of the records that have been published, there is told a happening that concerns Pocahontas, Powhatan, and Captain Smith, and makes the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas

a necessary forerunner and explanation of the later incident. We would not pause here to make this argument except to permit the reader to read the Pocahontas story with full faith and credit; and this later happening seems the strongest confirmation of the story.

Some time in May, 1608, after Smith had returned from captivity to the colony, Powhatan and the English were in almost open hostility. Powhatan was known to be plotting their destruction, and they had captured some of his men, and were holding them. Yet the chief, Powhatan, sent "his daughter, a child of ten [other accounts show she was probably between thirteen and fourteen] years old," with *one* messenger, his adviser, Rawhunt, to say "how well Powhatan loved and trusted me" (Captain Smith), "and, in that I should not doubt any way of his kindness, he had sent his child, which he most esteemed, to see me." Whereupon the prisoners were given up to "Pocahontas, the King's daughter, in regard to her father's kindness in sending her."

That is, Powhatan puts into the power of the English his best loved child, so that she may obtain the release of the prisoners, and sends her to

see Captain Smith. Now, this incident is understandable only if we admit the truth of the story of her previous rescue of Captain Smith. That shows why a child of less than fourteen was sent on such an errand, and why she was successful. Upon any other supposition, it would seem that Powhatan had lost his sense, and the English were as foolish. The sending of Pocahontas was an appeal to Captain Smith's gratitude, and it was successful. This incident, we repeat, is from Smith's "True Relation," the same account that omits all mention of the rescue by the Indian girl; and that rescue is all that makes her presence in Jamestown at this later day at all reasonable. Why else should Powhatan send a child in her teens to Captain Smith?

Accepting, therefore, the truth of the second account as well as the first, we may resume the story of Smith's presentation to Powhatan.

Smith's entrance being hailed with a shout, the "Queen of Appamatuck [Appomattox] was appointed to bring him water to wash his hands and another brought him a bunch of feathers instead of a towel to dry them." Then food was offered in great platters. Powhatan questioned the cap-

King Powhatan cõmands C. Smith to be slayne, his
daughter Pokahontas beggs his life, her thankfullneſs
and how he ſubiected 39 of their kings. reade y history.
printed by James Rowe

POCAHONTAS SAVES THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SMITH

From an old print in Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia"

tive sharply, and Captain Smith replied without the slightest regard for the truth. Powhatan having asked why the English had come to the country, Smith said they had been fighting the Spaniards, forced to retreat, and driven by a storm into the bay; that they had then ascended the river seeking fresh water; that the pinnace being leaky, they had to mend her till Captain Newport—"my father," as Smith calls him—came to fetch them away. Then Powhatan asked why they had gone farther with the small boat, and Smith explained that they had wished to find out about the salt-water on the other side of the mainland; and then said that Powhatan's enemy, Monocan, had slain one of Newport's men, whose death they intended to avenge. This was a bid for Powhatan's favor.

In return, the old chief began to describe the country beyond the falls, and Smith seems to have been led to believe that there was salt-water within some eight days' journey beyond the falls —that is, the present site of Richmond, Virginia. Very likely both of these clever enemies were exercising their talents for lying to an enemy, trying to say what would be pleasing without being useful. Powhatan said that he would be re-

venged upon the Anchanachuck, the name he gave to the tribe who had slain Smith's "brother," and told some particulars concerning the tribes round about, as well as speaking of certain white men in the land at various points, no doubt referring to some of the Spanish colonies. In return Captain Smith indulged in some boasting of the power of the King of England, and endeavored to impress Powhatan with a sense of the mightiness of Captain Newport, "King of all the Waters," whose early return he prophesied.

Just when all this talk took place is uncertain; probably most of it after the rescue of Captain Smith from death. The full account of it occurs in the "True Relation," from which all the trial and condemnation is absent. In the "Generall Historie" we are told only that "a long consultation was held, the conclusion of which was" that "two great stones were brought before Powhatan, as many as could laid hands on him, dragged him to them, and thereon laid his head; and being ready with their clubs to beat out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no entreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperor was content he

should live to make him hatchets and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves."

This is the incident precisely as it is told by Captain Smith. Who can find in it any of the "romancing" of which he has been accused? Could anything be drier? A romancer, a braggart, would surely have made better use of his imagination. He would have recorded the facts more fully. He would have attempted to make himself seem more important, and have made it out that he was saved because they feared him or considered him a great chief or medicine-man. But Smith says he was saved to make hatchets for the chief, beads and bells for a little girl!

Undoubtedly Smith did not understand the reason why Pocahontas was able to save him after he had been condemned as the result of a long deliberation of the chiefs; but later knowledge of Indian customs makes the story quite reasonable to us. It is now well known that a captive, especially if he be brave and of renown, could be adopted into the tribe at the request of some member of it—especially by one who has lost a relative.

The chief of a tribe, as the father of his peo-

ple, certainly might exercise that right, and at the request of Pocahontas it is probable that this is what Powhatan did.

Perhaps it was to confirm the adoption of Smith into the tribe that Powhatan went through certain ceremonies a few days afterward. Smith was taken into the woods, and left alone in a hut where there was a curtain dividing the interior into two parts. From behind this curtain came "the most dolefullest noise he ever heard," and then appeared in queer disguise the aged Powhatan and some two hundred more, and "told him they were friends." Powhatan next informed his captive that he would be sent back to Jamestown, and that Smith must send to Powhatan two great guns and a grindstone, for which would be given the "Country of Capahowosick; and that he would for ever esteem Smith as his son *Nantaquoud.*" This giving of a new name is a strong confirmation of the theory of adoption; and it is difficult, upon any other theory, to explain the captain's release from captivity and his good treatment. In the first account of these matters, the "True Relation," Powhatan is said to have asked Smith to stay with him, and to live at Capahowasicke (as it is there spelled), and then

Smith was dismissed with guides, four in one account, twelve in the other, and returns, after camping for one night in the woods, arriving early the next morning at the fort in Jamestown.

This was, according to the authorities, on the 8th of January, 1608; and if that date is right, Smith had been absent since the 16th of December, 1607, in all for twenty-three days, though in his first account of the adventure he gives no exact idea of the length of his absence; in the second account, the "Proceedings of the First Planters," the period is called "a month," and in the third account, six or seven weeks. Exactly what was the length of time we cannot tell, but the probability seems to be that no one cared exactly how long it was.

Upon arriving at the fort, Smith entertained his guides, and then proceeded with grim humor to carry out his bargain with Powhatan. "He showed Rawhunt, Powhatan's trusty servant, two demi-culverins and a millstone to carry Powhatan. They found them somewhat heavy." Thereupon Smith discharged the cannon (weighing 4500 pounds each) at the icy branches of the trees, and brought about such a clattering and fall of icicles that the natives scampered away

half dead with fear. But they were encouraged to return, and rewarded with such "toys" and "presents as gave them in general full content."

Of course, the colonists at the fort were found to be in trouble; and for the third time Captain Smith prevented the pinnace from sailing away with deserters. The boat would, indeed, have been gone if the cold had not been so severe, and the disappointment of the conspirators now turned upon Smith. They devised an ingenious plan to ruin him. He was accused by Ratcliffe, the president, Gabriel Archer, the "scrivener" or secretary, and others, of having forfeited his life under a scriptural law found in the "Levitical Law." Possibly the law referred to is that given in Chapter 24, verse 17, of the Book of Leviticus, "He that killeth any man shall surely be put to death,"—for this certainly would serve the purpose as well as any other. But the rest of the verse following might be cited to show that it is meant to apply to any who *causes* the death of a man; and the ingenuity of Smith's accusers applied this or some similar text to the death of Robinson and Emery—the two men shot by the Indians near the bank of the Chickahominy.

Certainly there were no witnesses to the death

of these men, and Captain Smith had come back safe and sound, apparently on good terms with Powhatan and his followers. Smith was indicted on this absurd ground, was tried on the very day of his return, and was actually condemned on this trumped-up charge, with sentence to be hanged the very next day! But this was absurd. He says that the conspirators were "laid by the heels," or put into custody, and then the arrival of Captain Newport from England put an end to these high-handed proceedings and to others as foolish—among which was a proposition to call a "Parliament" for the purpose of deciding whether to return to England, abandoning the colony: a project certainly contrary to everything in the nature of law and order in their organization, and one that would have meant the abandoning of many of the colonists to death by famine or the Indian attacks.

CHAPTER XV

THE COMING OF NEWPORT FROM ENGLAND—POWHATAN AS A TRADER

THE expedition for the relief of Jamestown —known by the colonists as "the first supply"—consisted of two ships, for besides that commanded by Newport there was another, the *Phœnix,* under Captain Francis Nelson. This ship came so far as to be within sight of Cape Henry, but was then by contrary winds forced to put to sea and so driven and buffeted that the captain had to land at the West Indies to repair his masts and refill his water-butts. Newport, as has been said, arrived in good season, on the very day of Smith's return. There were about a hundred new colonists came with the expedition, but there was now no difficulty about food, since the Indians, as all the accounts say, brought "bread, fish, turkeys, squirrels, deer, and other wild beasts."

If the Pocahontas story is a mere fiction,

how is this generosity and change of heart on the part of the Indians explained? The only other explanation is that a deep impression was made on Powhatan by Smith's account of the power of the English, and of their "Lord of the Waters." Captain Newport and Smith's critics will not allow him to have known enough of the Algonkin tongue to explain these things, since they deny his ability to have told his captors a few much simpler matters only a few days before.

Surely there is no doubt that all the colonists saw the arrival of provisions, and knew a great change had taken place in the nature of their relations with the Indians—the very natives who had tortured one and shot to death two more of their comrades within a month. The bearers of these goods came always to Captain Smith, and always part of their supplies was a present to him, while the rest was for sale at a price that he fixed; and this fixing of the price for the Indians is another indication that he was regarded as an adopted member of the tribe.

Captain Newport had certainly gained confidence in Captain Smith; and Archer had been removed from the council, being replaced by a new arrival named Scrivener—"a very wise, under-

standing gentleman." But there was jealousy of Smith's influence, and this feeling led many to be lavish toward the Indians; which naturally raised the price of all commodities, so that in a short time "it followed that could not be had for a pound of copper which before was sold us for an ounce." But this made the Indians think the more of Newport, who had sent presents to Powhatan while the pinnace was being made ready for a visit of ceremony to that chief.

Meanwhile the new arrivals had accidentally set fire to their lodgings, and the reed thatch of other huts catching the flames, they spread until many dwellings and even the palisades were burnt. This was about the middle of January, about a week after their coming. The destruction was very great—the loss including their arms, bedding, clothes, and "much private provision." One of the greatest losers by the fire was the clergyman, "good Master Hunt," whose private library and all his property but the clothes on his back went up in smoke. "Yet none ever heard him repine at his loss."

The sailors in the ships had been kindly welcomed by the old colonists, and allowed to trade at their pleasure with the Indians who came about

the settlement; and these were the men who so disordered the market and raised prices. But this was not the worst. There was an idea in England that, since there were certainly in America good mines from which the Spaniards secured fortunes, the Virginian settlers ought to find some of them. And the sailors and new arrivals betook themselves strenuously to gold-digging, much to the disgust of Captain Smith and others of the more sensible colonists. Captain Smith is declared by the writer of the history to have said to Captain Martin that "he was not enamoured of their dirty skill," for "never anything did more torment him than to see all necessary business neglected to freight such a drunken ship with so much gilded dirt."

But Powhatan being eager to see the great Captain Newport, at last the expedition was ready, and, with forty men, Newport, Smith, and Scrivener rowed up the river and arrived at Werowocomoco—a name spelled differently nearly every time it occurs. But Captain Newport did not relish the idea of putting himself into Powhatan's power with so small a force, whereupon Smith offered to take the risk with half the number, and so set forward on shore, leaving

Newport in the boat. Smith, after some blundering, got on the right route to Powhatan's town, met a party of Indians sent to receive him, and came to a wide creek over which had been made a ramshackle bridge. Fearing a trap, Smith caused his Indian guides to be mingled with his own men, and so began the crossing; but the Indians brought a canoe and ferried some of the party over. On they went, and were marched two by two up to Powhatan's lodge, where he received them in the same royal state as Smith had before seen him keeping—throne, courtiers, women, and all. His welcome was kindly, though full of dignity, and he was much pleased with Smith's presents—a suit of red cloth, a white greyhound, and a hat that is not described, promising in return a perpetual league and friendship. After the same young Queen of Appomattox had again brought water for Smith to wash, and the Englishman had been fed with turkey and bread, a conversation was held.

Powhatan asked for Newport, and was told he would come next day; and then the wily chief inquired about the cannon Smith had promised. Smith, seeing by Powhatan's "merry countenance," that the joke would be acceptable, replied

that he had offered four demi-culverins, but Powhatan's men refused to take them. Thereupon Powhatan burst out laughing, and ordered Smith's men brought in, whom he received graciously, but suggested they should lay down their arms before him. Smith replied that their enemies desired this, but never their friends; and promised that, to assure him of their friendship, Captain Newport would give him "a son" of his next day, and, when Powhatan pleased, would assist in subduing the chief's enemies.

All this was kindly received by the old chief, who made a speech in return, and proclaimed Captain Smith a werowance, or chieftain of Powhatan, bidding his people so to regard him, and to consider his followers as Powhatans. Thereupon Captain Smith expressed his thanks and was conducted from the royal presence, his men being rewarded with more corn, which Smith explains to be the natives' "only wealth."

But, in spite of Captain Smith's advice, the boat had been carelessly allowed to drift down the river with the tide, and could not be found. Powhatan, learning that his guests had been thus stranded, invited them to stay overnight, and provided them with a roomy house hung round

with bows and arrows. Fires were built, venison sent in for the men, and at supper-time he sent a special invitation for Smith to eat with him, bringing only two other guests. Warning his men to be on their guard, Smith went, and after several hours' talk was conducted back to his men by torchlight.

Next morning, Powhatan exhibited his navy of canoes, explaining which ones brought tribute and from what tribes; but, upon seeing Newport and Scrivener landing, Powhatan retired to receive them.

This treatment of Captain Smith, and especially the appointing of him a chieftain, are other evidences of the adoption into the tribe; and it is to be noticed that the ceremony took place in the presence of all Smith's party,—some twenty men,—which forbids us to believe it an invention. Indeed, it may be said that for Captain Smith to have invented all these stories told in such minute detail would be a greater achievement than any which he is accused of feigning. The names of his followers are given, and among these there were probably many (four of the first settlers, certainly) who knew enough of Powhatan's language to follow at least the main drift of his speech.

The next day, as agreed, Captain Newport came ashore from the boat, and presented to Powhatan an English boy, Thomas Salvage, in return for whom Powhatan gave the Indian, Namontack, "his trusty servant, and one of a shrewd, subtile capacity."

Three or four days were spent in feasting, dancing, and trading; and when trade was begun, Powhatan thus addressed Newport:

"Captain Newport, it is not agreeable to my greatness in this peddling manner to trade for trifles, and I esteem you also a great werowance [chief]. Therefore, lay me down all your commodities together; what I like, I will take, and in recompense give you what I think fitting their value."

Smith, being interpreter (apparently Newport thought Smith could speak the language), urged Newport to avoid this trap, telling him Powhatan would only cheat them. But Newport thought he knew better, offered his goods to the chief, and received in return about four bushels of corn where he had expected twenty hogsheads.

"This bred some unkindness between our two captains" (Smith and Newport), says the narrator. And it seems possible that Captain Smith

may have suggested, by word or act, that Newport had made a fool of himself. At all events, Smith proceeded to prove this by a very simple object-lesson. He carelessly displayed certain trifles in such a way as to interest the chief—among the rest some blue beads. These struck Powhatan as desirable. Smith showed no wish to part with the priceless jewels, and gave it out that they were only for the wear of the greatest kings. Powhatan grew warm as Smith grew cold; and at last, as a great favor, being allowed to buy the blue beads for two or three hundred bushels of corn, he was properly grateful. The same time-worn trick succeeded with Opechancanough, and blue beads became "the rage" among the Indians, and were by law restricted to those of royal blood.

During their stay, Powhatan made a number of attempts to induce the English to part with their weapons, saying that it was not like friends to come armed, and at another time asserting that the guns frightened the women and children. But the diplomatic Captain Smith, in spite of Newport's thinking him over-cautious, managed to retain the weapons. There was also an evident desire to see them leave their boat unguarded, but

this, too, was balked, either Smith or Scrivener managing to keep always by it.

In every way Powhatan tried to outwit the English, but found he had met his match whenever Smith was able to keep Newport from bungling. Thus, when Powhatan asked to see all the hatchets and copper they had brought, Smith objected that he would rather know what would be given for one at a time. Then Newport must display his generosity, and offered "twelve great coppers to try his kindness," receiving in return as much corn as Smith says he had bought for one smaller copper.

At another time, Smith and Scrivener were caught in the mud in the canoes they had taken to go to their boat, and the Indians plunged into the marsh, took them out, and cared for them most attentively, Smith saying of their conduct, "This kindness I found when I little expected less than a mischief."

But the most important conference held with Powhatan related to a projected attack upon the Monacans, in which Powhatan was to join a hundred of his men to as many of theirs, and then, having sailed up to the falls, he said the English could make boats to go onward. This plan was

welcome to Newport, who, once afloat above the falls, thought it would be easy to discover the sea route to India. But Captain Smith had no confidence in Powhatan's good faith.

Later came a messenger from Opechancanough inviting them to visit him, but Powhatan would not then let them go. Upon more pressing invitation, however, it was decided they should go. Their experiences here were of much the same order, and they departed after a final visit to Powhatan, taking with them the Indian received in exchange for the English boy, left—poor fellow!—among the savages. This Indian was, Smith thinks, instructed by Powhatan to go to England in order that he might report its strength and condition, which seems likely enough.

Early in March they returned to the settlement, and after a stay of about a month longer engaged in "gold"-mining, the mariners took themselves and their ship away—much to the relief of the more thoughtful colonists. The ship had remained from January 8 to April 10, 1608, and this had cost the settlement dear. There was just complaint that provisions were eaten by the sailors, that there was loss to the cargo by leak-

age and ship-rats, and that the ship had been a "moving tavern" where those who had money, spare clothes, credit, gold rings, or such commodities spent their substance and wasted their time in consuming "their own provision and paying for it at fifteen times its value."

With the ship went Wingfield, the deposed president, and Gabriel Archer—a good riddance, the writers of the history declare, "since they [the colonists] had no use for Parliaments, Plays, Petitions, Admirals, Recorders, Interpreters, Chronologers [chroniclers?], Courts of Plea, nor Justices of the Peace." Evidently they had discovered little use for red-tape in the New World!

Glad to get back to practical matters, the colony now set to work to remedy the damage done by the fire, Scrivener and Smith being in actual command, since President Ratcliffe and Captain Martin were both incapacitated by ill health. They rebuilt the church and the houses, set up new palisades, cleared land, planted corn, and put a new roof upon the storehouse, which, being of stone or brick, had withstood the fire.

They were cheered in these labors by the arrival of the *Phœnix,* and this proved really a

blessing, since Captain Nelson treated them honestly, and landed the stores he had brought.

In order that there might be some news of a discovery to send home, the president now ordered that Captain Smith should make another expedition, this time into the land of the Monacans, the people believed from Powhatan's story to live beyond the falls of the James River. There was some opposition to this plan, Captain Martin believing it best to freight the *Phœnix* with gold ore, and Smith suggesting a cargo of cedar as a substitute for either "the hopes of an uncertain discovery" or the bits of rock that might glitter but were certainly not gold. But the expedition was insisted upon, and Smith made ready for it by drilling sixty men for two months until they had full confidence in their ability to defend themselves.

Meanwhile there was trouble with the Indians. Powhatan had sent Newport as a parting gift twenty turkeys, asking for twenty swords in return. Newport had been fool enough to comply; but when, after his departure, more birds came to Smith, with the same request for swords, it was ignored. Thereupon Powhatan's men became troublesome, laying ambuscades at their very

gates, and seizing what tools or weapons they could; while the colonists, in obedience to strict orders from England, could not punish the thieves.

But they "meddled with Captain Smith," and found, as the Turk had done, that they had caught a Tatar; for the young man of twenty-nine proceeded to chase the Indians about, beat them, imprison them, and in general teach them manners. This led to the capture of two of the English in revenge, and then the savages marched a war-party up to the fort, demanding the seven Indians Smith held in custody.

This, as our Artemus Ward says, "was 2 mutch"; and Captain Smith "sallied out amongst" them and soon brought them to terms. They gave up the Englishmen, and begged for peace. Then, by causing a volley to be fired within the fort, Smith made each of his captives believe he had slain some of the prisoners, and thereupon, cross-questioning all, learned that Powhatan had been eager to get the swords because he meant to attack the fort.

Here again is proof that Smith, either because of his favor with Powhatan or because they thought him possessed of supernatural power,

had much influence over them, and was entirely fearless among them.

It was just after this that Pocahontas came, as already noted, with Rawhunt alone, and asked for the release of the captive Indians, which was at once granted "in regard of her father's kindness in sending her."

Is it unfair to conclude that Powhatan would hardly at this time have intrusted a pet child to Captain Smith unless there was reason for being sure she would be received with special consideration?

CHAPTER XVI

FURTHER EXPLANATIONS OF THE COAST AND HARBORS—SMITH TAKES THE PRESIDENCY

FROM his prisoners, however, by threats and by cross-questioning, Smith had discovered plenty to show that there was treachery intended toward all the English, as soon as Newport should again come from England with the Indian hostage. And he sent word to Powhatan that they intended no hostility but would destroy him if any arrow was shot against the English.

But these plots and counterplots amounted to nothing. Smith believed that one attempt to entrap him was made by sending an Indian to show a pretended mine, but this false guide carried out the plan so unskilfully as to win twenty lashes with a rope, instead of the promised copper that was to be his if he showed the mine; and this was the last of such attempts until the sailing of the *Phœnix,* laden with cedar as Captain Smith had advised. Another bit of cargo which the colo-

nists willingly included was Captain Martin, the councilor, who was still disabled by ague. Thus one by one the incompetent leaders were weeded out, which was fortunate indeed, considering that the *Phœnix* had brought one hundred and twenty more settlers, raw material to be licked into shape. There was still too large a proportion of "gentlemen," but there were twenty-one laborers, six tailors, and a fair sprinkling of tradesmen—including a jeweler and a goldsmith.

The *Phœnix* sailed on June 2, 1608, and arrived in England after a quick voyage, bearing with her Smith's "True Relation," his letter containing the story of the colony; and also another letter from him to Henry Hudson, with suggestions for finding the South Sea route to India, a letter that is believed to have greatly influenced the discoverer of the Hudson River. Smith and his company of explorers, fifteen in number, bade the ship farewell at Cape Henry, and then crossed the bay to the islands that had been named for him "Smith's Isles," for their exploration this time was to be of the less known eastern shore and of the Chesapeake Bay.

They first met two Indians with spears, boneheaded, and were by them directed to their chief

at Accomack. This werowance proved "a proper, civil," and comely savage, who described the country round as well as he could; and hence they sailed away along the coast, examining "every inlet and bay fit for harbor or habitations." While trying to reach some islands, they were overtaken by a sudden thunder-storm and squall, and had a narrow escape from wreck.

There is no need to follow all their explorations of a land now so well known, and we shall therefore only record such happenings as seem of interest. The early days were tempestuous, their sail was blown to pieces, and they had to repair it with their shirts. The natives at Cuskarawack, were amazed to see them, climbed trees for a better view, and followed them along the shores; but they were bitterly hostile at first, sending flights of arrows even while the boat was out of range. Within a day they became friendly, in appearance, to lure the strangers ashore; but the English saw some lying in ambuscade, and sent a volley into the crowd, whereat the Indians "all lay trembling on the ground, creeping some one way and some another into a great cluster of reeds hard by." Toward evening, the English came nearer, and fired another volley. Then they

landed, and saw no natives, but found blood on the ground. The sight of smoke rising led them to a village of four or five houses, where they left copper, beads, and so on, returning again to their boat for the night.

Next morning four canoemen came in from a fishing excursion, invited them ashore, and succeeded in recalling the village folk, who then became very friendly and traded with the strangers.

Next the English crossed toward the western shore of Chesapeake Bay, and sailed along, exploring it for thirty leagues. It is described as well watered, mountainous, barren, but with fertile valleys, and "much frequented by wolves, bears, deer and other wild beasts." They found here but one navigable river.

Some of the "gallants" had at the outset seemed to think their captain (Smith) would return too soon; but after some two weeks, with daily spells at rowing and only spoiled bread to eat, they took another tack, and begged him so to return that he made them a speech rebuking them, and offering to bear the worst of whatever was to come. This carried them on for two or three days, and then several fell sick, whereupon they turned back, and on the 16th of June dis-

covered the Potomac River, up which they sailed thirty miles, seeing no Indians. Then they met two natives, and were guided up a little creek, where they found themselves amid several thousand yelling painted warriors. A single volley caused these furies to subside, and then hostages were exchanged, and it was learned that Powhatan had caused this ambuscade, with the connivance of the malcontents of the colony—which seems an unlikely story.

Similar occurrences were met with at other places; and there was a mine found where the savages extracted yellow spangles from a clayey sand. Of this substance the explorers took specimens, but apparently with little faith in its value. They secured some furs, however, and found fish very abundant. For want of a net they tried to catch them in a frying-pan, but "found it a bad instrument to catch fish with."

They met many natives, but succeeded in keeping on good terms with all, since Smith always demanded their weapons, "together with some child or two for hostage," and thus prevented treachery; and the narrator says it would be tedious to go into particulars, so he concludes his story of the trip by telling how they were fishing

in shoal water, spearing fish with their swords, when Captain Smith, taking one from his sword, was stung by it. This was a sting-ray, and the captain, being struck in the wrist, was so poisoned that in four hours he gave up hope of recovery, and directed his grave to be dug. But he was so cared for by Dr. Russell (one of the new-comers) that he recovered sufficiently to eat a part of the fish for supper. The island near which this happened was named "Stingray Isle."

Next day they arrived at Kecoughtan, and on July 21 came safely home. The usual cheerful condition of things was there to greet Smith on his return, caused, as he says, by the "unreasonable, needless cruelty of the silly President," who had taken no care to preserve the store of provisions, and had set the men to building some sort of mansion or hunting-lodge in the woods for his personal use.

This had caused much hard feeling and almost bred a mutiny, for Scrivener had been ill, and there was no one to keep Ratcliffe in check. Besides, the new-comers had been suffering from fevers, and those not sick were lame and bruised. Smith's arrival had prevented an uprising against the authorities, and now he was besought to de-

pose Ratcliffe and assume the presidency himself. This he would not do, but brought about the election of Scrivener, saw that the stores were equally distributed, and that honest officers were appointed to keep matters in order. All unnecessary work was stopped because of the summer heat and until the men should be in better health; and, leaving the colonists to recover, Captain Smith set out once more to explore.

For two or three days the party, twelve men this time, remained at Kecoughtan waiting a favorable wind, and enjoying the hospitality of the friendly Indians, who believed Smith about to attack the Massowomeks, a nation to the northward, of whom he had learned in his first expedition. These Indians may have been the Iroquois, as they were reported to be brave and warlike, numerous, and formidable enough to be feared even by the confederacy of Powhatan.

After leaving Kecoughtan, they passed the first night at Stingray Isle, and next day explored the river Bolus (the Patapsco) and its tributaries (Susquehanna and Sassafras rivers). Here, near the mouth of the river, they first came upon the renowned Massowomeks, in seven or eight canoes. Smith set sail for the hostile fleet, though

more than half his men, the new-comers, were sick, and lying in the bottom of the boat. Putting their hats on sticks along the gunwale, a goodly show of force was made, and the Massowomeks ran ashore. The English, following, soon brought them to parley and trade, but were unable to understand their language, and at night left them, having learned only that this was a war-party returning from a fight with the Tockwoghes.

The English soon after met this other tribe, and upon showing some of the weapons secured by trade from the Massowomeks were believed to have fought against them, and therefore to be friends to the Tockwoghes. This gained them the friendship of these Indians, and through them the English met also the Susquehannocks, a giant-like people, also enemies of the Massowomeks.

It was the custom of the English to read prayers and a psalm daily; and the Susquehannocks, imitating, performed a religious ceremony to the sun, and then, with nearly equal reverence, adored Captain Smith, and seemed to crown him as "their Governor and Emperor," that he might aid them against the Massowomeks. Smith

learned much more of these Massowomeks, including the fact that they lived on a great lake, or river, northward, and traded with the French.

Going onward, they continued their exploring, discovering and naming "Peregrine Mount" and "Willoughby River" (in memory of Smith's boyhood friends), and setting up crosses and memorials. The only adventures worthy of note were a fight with the Rappahannocks, in which they made a bulwark round their forecastle with the shields of the Massowomeks,—wicker and grass, but impervious to arrows,—and the capture of a wounded Indian, from whom they learned that the English were regarded by his tribe as "a people come from under the world to take their world from them." Questioned about the country beyond the mountains, the Indian said he knew nothing of it, because, the woods not being burned, they could not travel there.

The English would not stay to meet these tribes, but were pursued by them some twelve miles, when through their captive they made peace, and there was some trading. On their way homeward they made a treaty, also, with the Rappahannocks, and confirmed it by bringing about three marriages of women belonging to their

king, carried out further explorations nearer their own settlement, were caught in a thunder-squall, and fought a naval battle. This resulted in a victory and treaty of peace, including a tribute of corn,—for the firearms were of far longer range than the bows,—and thereupon the expedition once more returned to Jamestown, September 7, 1608.

They found affairs in rather better condition than usual, since Ratcliffe had been imprisoned for mutiny, and Scrivener had looked well after the harvest. But many were dead, some were sick, and a part of their stores had been spoiled by rain.

Three days later, "by request of the company and election of the council," Captain Smith at last took the presidency, and by a vigorous administration tried to put all to rights. The church was repaired, the leaky storehouse newly roofed, buildings put up to receive further supplies, the fort completed, and discipline of the garrison enforced. Percy, being sent to receive the corn promised by the Indians, met Captain Newport's vessel, and was ordered to return. Newport was the bearer of instructions from the London authorities, instructions so ignorant and absurd that it is

irritating to read them now, nearly three hundred years later. Their general purport was an order to discover the " South Sea " on the other side of the continent; to bring back gold (for what the mariners had brought home had proved to be mica); and, if possible, to find one of the survivors of the Raleigh colony on Roanoke Island! Besides all this nonsense, Powhatan was to be crowned King or " Emperor of Virginia," a thing if possible more ridiculous than any of the others, and to be made happy by a present of a basin and pitcher, bed and bedclothes, and such rubbish. In addition to these clever ideas, the council (probably by Newport's suggestion) had sent, instead of food, seventy Dutchmen and Poles to make "pitch, tar, glass, mills, and soap-ashes."

Captain Smith tried in vain to oppose these lunacies, but Newport restored Ratcliffe to office and added two new men to the council (good men, but raw and inexperienced), and the vote was to carry out the program. All work was abandoned, and one hundred and twenty men were appointed to execute Newport's hare-brained schemes. Being accused of opposing the project of discovery, and Newport's having hinted this was because Smith intended to find the South Sea

himself, Captain Smith consented to lend all the aid he could to these matters. Newport also seems to have accused the vigorous captain of having made the Indians hostile by cruelty; whereupon Captain Smith offered to visit Powhatan with only four companions—" where Captain Newport durst not go with less than one hundred and twenty "—and to ask Powhatan to save time by coming for his coronation to Jamestown.

This offer Smith carried out, and, finding the old chief absent, awaited his return, being meanwhile entertained by a masquerade of Indian maidens, contrived by Pocahontas and her women, and by a banquet, ending in a torch-bearers' procession. Whether this was a ceremonial, as most Indian dances are, or a mere merrymaking, we have no means of knowing. Upon Powhatan's return, Smith told his errand, delivered to him the Indian Namontack, who had returned from England, and desired the chief to come to Jamestown to receive the presents and " to conclude his revenge against the Monacans."

But Powhatan was too wise to be fooled, as his answer shows. He said: " If your King has sent me presents, I also am a King and this is my land. Eight days will I stay to receive them. Your fa-

ther [Newport] is to come to me, not I to him; nor yet to your fort. Neither will I bite at such a bait. As for the Monacans, I can revenge my own injuries. . . . For any salt-water beyond the mountains, the relations you have from my people are false." Whereupon he began to draw maps on the ground. In all courtesy to Captain Smith, but with absolute refusal, the mission ended.

If Smith invented this speech—so exactly in keeping with the character of the American Indian as we now know it—he was a genius as an imaginative writer.

There was no other way than to take the coronation to Powhatan, since he would not come to the coronation. And then the absurd invention of King James was carried out as well as could be. Powhatan, however, would not kneel to be crowned, having no idea of what all the foolery meant, and had to be forced to bend by the combined weight of several men. The salvo of guns that followed scared the noble savage nearly out of his wits; but he soon recovered, and gave his old mantle and shoes to Newport in recognition of his kindness. Then, having refused to lend aid against the Monacans, Newport's pageant departed with a paltry present of corn. So ended

the grand coronation of the Emperor of Virginia, —perhaps no more ridiculous than any other in all essentials,—and the English returned to Jamestown to prepare for the discovery of the South Sea.

With Newport, it must be recorded, came, besides some seventy or more men, the first women settlers, Mistress Forrest, and her maid, Anne Burras,—who by the first English marriage in the colony soon became the wife of John Laydon.

The expedition conducted by Newport was a ridiculous proceeding, not worth the space to chronicle more than its absolute failure to secure gold, geographical knowledge, or food from the Indians. One of the party says of it, "We arrived at Jamestown half sick, all complaining, and tired with toil, famine, and discontent."

Meanwhile Smith devoted himself to the practical business of gathering a commercial cargo for the vessel, such as tar, pitch, and clapboards. Among the makers of the last were certain gentlemen, including Smith himself, who punctuated their ax-strokes with oaths; and, by Smith's contriving, this profanity was recorded and punished by pouring into a man's sleeve at evening as many cans of water as he had marks against him dur-

ing the day. This soon made oaths a scarce article, and seems a method of reform worthy of imitation by modern moralists. As to the efficiency of these gentlemen wood-choppers, "thirty or forty of them did better than a hundred of those who were compelled to the labor," says their annalist, but "twenty good workmen had been better than them all."

But a more important matter even than freighting the vessel was securing an ample food-supply for the winter; and for this purpose Smith made another boat-expedition to the Chickahominy region, where, finding Powhatan had forbidden food to be given, hoping to starve out the colony, Smith pretended to have come on a warlike mission—to avenge the death of Emery and Robinson. Upon his display of force, the Indians reconsidered their refusal to send food, and excused their former attitude by a claim that they had little for themselves. They gave more than a hundred bushels, and soon after Scrivener obtained a further supply. But there was a complete lack of discipline in the settlement, and stealing was rife; the colonists helped themselves to the articles sent for trading, and procured from the Indians furs, baskets, and other things

to exchange with the sailors for provisions or liquors.

Captain Newport himself had to be disciplined, either because he would not check these abuses, or because he joined in the attempts of some of the council to punish Captain Smith for leaving the fort. Smith threatened to hold the ship for a year to give Newport an experience of affairs in the colony, and by this threat brought him to his senses. Not long afterward, and probably "by request," Newport set sail in his ship—the *Susan Constant*—bearing with him a scathing letter from Smith to the council at home, pointing out the absurdity of their directions and criticisms and inclosing a map of the country to prove how much had been done in exploring that unknown territory. We must quote the letter at full length, for in its ringing eloquence, its hard common sense, its brave rebuking of the ignorant, if well-meaning, men at home, it is a necessary document in estimating the character of its author:

"*Right Honourable, &c.* I received your letter, wherein you write, that our minds are so set upon faction, and idle conceits in dividing the country without your consents, and that we feed *you* but with ifs and ands, hopes and some few proofes; as if we would

keepe the mystery of the businesse to ourselves; and that we must expressly follow your instructions sent by Captain Newport: the charge of whose voyage amounts to neare two thousand pounds, the which, if we cannot defray by the ship's returne, we are like to remaine as banished men. To these particulars I humbly intreat your pardons if I offend you with my rude answer.

"For our factions, unlesse you would have me run away and leave the country, I cannot prevent them: because *I do make many stay that would els fly any whether.* For the idle letter sent to my Lord of Salisbury, by the President and his confederats, for dividing the country, &c.,— what it was I know not, for you saw no hand of mine to it, nor even dreamt I of any such matter. That we feed you with hopes, &c.— *Though I be no scholar, I am past a schoolboy; and I desire but to know, what neither you, and these here doe know, but that I have learned to tell you by the continuall hazard of my life. I have not concealed from you any thing I know; but I feare some cause you to believe much more than is true.*

"Expressly to follow your directions by Captaine Newport, though they be performed, *I was directly against it;* but according to our commission I was content to be overruled by the major part of the councell, I feare to the hazard of us all; which now is generally confessed when it is too late. Onely Captaine Winne and Captain Waldo I have sworne of the councell, and crowned Powhatan according to your instructions.

"*For the charge of this voyage of two or three thousand pounds, we have not received the value of an hundred pounds.* And for the quartred boat to be borne by the souldiers over the falles, Newport had 120 of the best men he could chuse. *If he had burnt her to ashes, one might have carried her in a bag, but as she is, five hundred cannot,* to a navigable place above the falles. And for him at that time to find in the South Sea a mine of gold; or any of them sent by Sir Walter Raleigh: at our consultation I told them was as likely as the rest. But during this great discovery of thirtie myles (which might as well have been done by one man, and much more, for the value of a pound of copper at a seasonable tyme) they had the pinnace and all the boats with them, but one that remained with me to serve the fort. In their absence I followed the new begun works of pitch and tarre, glasse, sope-ashes and clapboard, whereof some small quantities we have sent you. But if you rightly consider what an infinite toyle it is in Russia and Swethland, where the woods are proper for naught els, and though there be the helpe both of man and beast in those ancient commonwealths, which many an hundred yeares have used it, yet thousands of those poore people can scarce get necessaries to live, but from hand to mouth. And though your factors there can buy as much in a week as will fraught you a ship, or as much as you please; you must not expect from us any such matter, which are but as many of ignorant miserable soules, that are scarce able to get wherewith to live, and defend ourselves against the in-

constant salvages: finding here and there a tree fit for the purpose, and want all things els the Russians have. For the coronation of *Powhatan*,—by whose advice you sent him such presents, I know not; but this give me leave to tell you, I feare they will be the confusion of us all ere we heare from you agane. At your ship's arrivall the salvages' harvest was newly gathered, and we going to buy it, our owne not being halfe sufficient for so great a number. As for the two ships' loading of corne Newport promised to provide us from *Powhatan*, he brought us but fourteen bushels, and from the *Monacans* nothing, but the most of the men sicke and neare famished. From your ship we had not provision in victuals worth twenty pound, and we are more than two hundred to live upon this: the one-halfe sicke, the other little better. For the saylers (I confesse) they daily make good cheare; but our diet is a little meale and water, and not sufficient of that. *Though there be fish in the sea, foules in the aire, and beasts in the woods, their bounds are so large, they so wilde, and we so weake and ignorant, we cannot much trouble them.* Captain *Newport* we must suspect to be the author of those inventions. *Now, that you should know, I have made you as great a discovery as he, for lesse charge than he spendeth you every meale; I have sent you this mappe of the bay and rivers, with an annexed relation of the countries and nations that inhabit them, as you may see at large.* Also two barrels of stones, and such as I take to be good iron ore at the least; so divided, as by their notes you may see in what places I found them.

The souldiers say many of your officers maintaine their families out of that you sent us: and that *Newport* hath an hundred pounds a yeare for carrying newes. For every master you have yet sent can find the way as well as he, so that an hundred pounds might be spared, which is more than we have all, that helps to pay him wages. Capt. Ratcliffe is now called Sicklemore, a poore counterfeited imposture. I have sent you him home, least the company should cut his throat. What he is now, every one can tell you: if he and Archer returne againe they are sufficient to keepe us alwayes in factions. When you send againe I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardiners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons and diggers up of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have; for except we be able both to lodge them and feed them, the most will consume with want of necessaries before they can be made good for any thing. Thus if you please to consider this account, and the unnecessary wages to Captaine Newport, or his ships so long lingering and staying here (for notwithstanding his boasting to leave us victuals for 12 months, though we had 89 by this discovery lame and sicke, and but a pint of corne a day for a man, we were constrained to give him three hogsheads of that to victual him homeward), or yet to send into Germany or Poleland for glasse men and the rest, till we be able to sustain ourselves, and releeve them when they come,—it were better to give five hundred pound a tun for these grosse commodities in Denmarke than send for them

hither, till more necessary things be provided. For in over toyling our weake and unskilful bodies, to satisfie this desire of present profit, we can scarce even recover ourselves from one supply to another. And I humbly intreat you hereafter, let us know what we should receive, and not stand to the saylers' courtesie to leave us what they please, els you may charge us what you will, but we not you with any thing. These are the causes that have kept us in *Virginia* from laying such a foundation, that ere this might have given much better content and satisfaction: but as yet you must not looke for any profitable returne: So I humbly rest."

Newport gone, Smith once more took up the great food-problem. First he extorted supplies from the Indians who had promised him the four hundred bushels, and returned in time to be present at the marriage ceremony already spoken of. Other supplies were had from Indians near the Appomattox, and then it was resolved that some desperate measures should be taken.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW CAPTAIN SMITH FOUGHT AGAINST FAMINE, IGNORANCE, TREACHERY, AND INDIANS, TO PRESERVE THE COLONY—HIS DEPARTURE, AND THE "STARVING TIME"

IT was believed Powhatan had plenty of grain, and Captain Smith proposed to go and take it, since Powhatan by forbidding trade had brought them to the necessity. But this project was voted down by the council. Just then came a message from the chief asking to have workmen sent to build him a house, and saying that if they would do this, give him a grindstone and some other things, he would in return load their boat with corn. He especially asked that Captain Smith should come in person; and Smith, though distrustful, decided it was best to go. He called for volunteers, and with the pinnace, two barges, and forty-six men set out, after having sent laborers by land to build the house as requested.

They were seven days at Kecoughtan, where

they kept Christmas (the old Christmas, that was kept about the 5th of January), and then, despite warnings received from the Indians, went on, nearly frozen by day and by night, and landed at their destination by wading through icy water up to their middles. Arrived before Powhatan, he pretended not to know why they had come, and made sport of them; but the double-dealer was brought sharply to book by Captain Smith's stern resolve to have corn or take it.

Some of the Dutch sent to the chief had, as was later discovered, made up their minds that the settlers were sure to be destroyed, and so turned traitor, revealing the sore straits of the colonists; and therefore Powhatan tried to carry things with a high hand, even attempting to capture Captain Smith, who by threats, making a bold show, broke through the Indians and regained his boats. In spite of Powhatan's attempts to patch up a peace, Smith would not return, but was detained overnight by the stranding of his boats.

That night came Pocahontas secretly through the woods and warned the English an attack would be made, after some provisions should be sent to throw them "off their guard." She refused any reward, saying, with tears running

down her cheeks, that "she durst not be seen to have any, for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead"; and so she ran away by herself as she had come. The feast arrived, and after taking the precaution of making the bringers taste every dish, Captain Smith sent word to Powhatan to come as soon as he pleased—that they were ready for him. The night was spent in watching, and in the morning they set sail.

Meanwhile, as later appeared, Powhatan had sent the treacherous Dutch to the fort, and by pretending they came from Captain Smith these secured a large number of weapons and some more renegades, led away by Powhatan's promises.

Smith and his party went on to Pamunkey, hoping to get food from Opechancanough; and this wily chief kept them in pleasant converse until he had surrounded Smith and his fifteen men with some seven hundred savages. This discovered, Smith encouraged his men, and bade them resolve to stand to the last, and then challenged the chief to single combat. The chief made parley, and pretended to have a present brought to the doorway, asking the captain to receive it. But Smith saw this was but a plan to lure him out of the house,

and suddenly commanded three of his men to guard the doorway, while he seized Opechancanough by the hair and presented a pistol at his breast. This made the plucky captain master of the situation, and a truce was made, and they secured some corn. There was another alarm, but it likewise passed over, and the object of their journey was accomplished.

While they were still at this place, there came from the fort a messenger with a remarkable story. He said that Scrivener and ten others, going out in a boat, had been drowned; and that, coming to bring this news, he had stopped at Powhatan's village, where he had seen such warlike preparations as promised mischief. He had escaped by the aid of Pocahontas, who had hidden him for a time, and had then sent his pursuers upon a wrong trail.

Thus for the third time was Pocahontas a friend in need to the English.

Smith thought best to conceal this adventure and warning from his men, but hastened his departure, leaving that very night. On the following day the Indians endeavored to draw the English into an ambuscade; but Smith, suspecting this, laid an ambuscade of his own, and so

defeated their purpose. That night Smith sent two of his men to Jamestown in one of his boats; and the Indians, imagining he was sending for reinforcements to destroy them and their town, brought baskets of corn through frost and snow for five or six days. An attempt was made to poison Smith and several others, but though they were made violently sick they recovered, and the captain caught and publicly beat the chief's son, who was believed to be the poisoner.

So, one way and another, with endless diplomacies, threatenings, and devices, the corn on which the lives of the colonists depended was brought together; but, as the "Historie" says, if all this had been attended to at the time of Newport's wild-goose chase after the Monacan nation, there would have been no trouble in obtaining enough to have freighted a ship of forty tons. The reason there had been so much forbearance on the part of the English—they call it "temporizing"—was the hope of surprising Powhatan and taking his store of corn; but when spies were sent to prepare for this, it was discovered that those "damned" Dutchmen (surely this is one of the oaths the Recording Angel will blot out with a tear!) warned him, and Powhatan had removed, leaving his

OLD CHURCH TOWER, JAMESTOWN

people so hostile that the spies hardly escaped alive.

The expedition, however, had secured enough to keep forty-six men for six weeks, securing two hundred pounds of deer and four hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn. The historians of the colony end their chapter here with an excuse for having made so poor a showing in comparison with the Spanish colonies in America, pointing out that the lands in which they found themselves and the people with whom they dealt were very different from those of the more southern colonies. And they ask with pride: "How many ever with such small means did ever discover so many fair and navigable rivers, and subject so many several kings, people, and nations to obedience and contribution with so little bloodshed?"

The return to Jamestown again proved the most depressing part of their enterprises, since they found supplies either spoiled or at a low ebb, and a great part of their arms and tools gone, by the Dutchmen's treachery, to the Indians. They thought, however, that what they brought was sufficient to insure them against starving till next harvest, and so turned their thoughts to other matters.

The settlers were divided into working squads of ten or fifteen, and after six hours' work a day, were allowed to devote the rest of the time to pastimes and merry exercises. Nevertheless a fair proportion of work was exacted from each, Smith grimly assuring all in a public address that there were now no more "councilors to protect them," and establishing a bulletin board upon which the reports of each man's performances were made public.

Is it possible, in considering these practical measures, to escape the conclusion that if Smith had been in control from the beginning the lives of those lost in all these long months might have been saved?

Despite Smith's good management, however, he was unable to find out the thieves who were stealing arms, tools, and other things from the stores, and delivering them to the Dutch traitors with Powhatan. These men even laid a plot to capture Captain Smith. The attempt failed, and the spy from Powhatan escaped. But Smith sent twenty men after him, and was returning alone when he met the "King of Paspahegh, a most strong stout savage." This Indian tried hard to induce Smith to accompany him, meaning to be-

tray him to those in hiding. Smith refused, and the Indian, seeing him armed only with a sword, grappled him after having attempted to shoot him with one of the stolen guns or pistols. In their grapple neither could use a weapon, and they rolled into the river, the Indian meaning to drown him. Smith had hold of the Indian's throat, and strangled him until he was helpless. He was then about to behead him when the chief begged for his life, and was taken to the fort and put in chains. Here soon afterward the Dutch renegade was brought, and tried for treachery. But while Smith was arranging an exchange of the captured Indian for the Dutchmen with Powhatan, the Indian escaped, and though pursued regained his own people. An expedition sent to retake him contented itself with a few volleys, and returned; and then followed a petty warfare, in which several Indians were killed, their houses and canoes burned, and their fishing-nets destroyed. Finally peace was concluded, because otherwise the Indians threatened to abandon the country—saying they could plant anywhere; and there was no more trouble with the Paspaheghs so long as Smith remained in the country.

With others there were still difficulties. Two young Chickahominy Indians, brothers, were charged with stealing a pistol. One was released and told to return the pistol or the brother would be hanged within twelve hours. The other prisoner was left in a room with a charcoal fire to warm him; and when the pistol was promptly returned and the English came to release him, he was found suffocated by the fumes of the charcoal.

When his brother broke into lamentations, he was told (possibly in hope of what followed) that the dead man should be restored to life, and this "miracle" was accomplished by rubbing the patient with brandy and vinegar. The poor fellow's wits were still disordered, and then Smith promised to remove this trouble also—a promise easily performed by allowing the sick Indian a night's rest by the fire.

Naturally enough these men reported to their own people that the all-accomplished Smith could restore the dead to life, and thus another cause for reverencing and fearing him was added.

The explosion of some gunpowder which an Indian was trying to dry out in a breastplate, killed several of the natives, and the reputation of these

marvels and others like them brought about a lasting peace during which the colonists flourished.

Three months of quiet work enabled the colonists properly directed to do much. They established the industries that had been planned—among other things glass-making. They dug a well within the walls of their fort; built twenty houses, and roofed the church; wove nets for fishing; built a blockhouse on the neck of land leading to Jamestown peninsula, to pass which was forbidden without the president's order; digged and planted many acres, and raised hogs and chickens. Another blockhouse was placed near the mouth of the bay to give timely notice of the approach of shipping, and besides all this the settlers cut down trees and made a quantity of clapboards.

But now it was found that the ship-rats had ruined most of their corn, and again the problem of food became pressing. This necessity was met by taking advantage of every eatable the land afforded—animal or vegetable; but Captain Smith and his faithful aides had much trouble to keep the idle from giving all they had to the Indians for corn and fruit. The president had to make most stringent rules that all should gather as much

as he himself would do each day, on pain of banishment from the settlement. Grumbling there was in plenty, but of some two hundred but seven died in these three months of scarcity. A few were sent to the Indians to be cared for, and were well treated; others ran away, and were returned to the fort by natives, who refused to support idle mouths, having learned this lesson from the discipline enforced at the fort.

Two exploring expeditions were despatched to get news of any Roanoke colony survivors, but could find no traces of white men nor signs of any passage to the South Sea.

All this time the traitor Dutchmen were intriguing to destroy the colony, as was revealed to Smith by certain of their confederates within the settlement; but it was impossible to apprehend them, though Powhatan professed he would not protect the traitors from the colonists. Besides, Captain Smith had made himself so strong with the neighboring Indians that he no longer feared these men nor Powhatan himself, and therefore did not care to carry matters to a conclusion.

On July 10, 1609, arrived a ship under command of Captain Argall, sent by one Master Cornelius to trade with the colony and to fish for sturgeon.

As the vessel had been well provisioned, the colonists insisted upon retaining it until the arrival of an expedition Argall reported to be on the way. Argall told them that one object of this new "supply" party was to reprimand and control Captain Smith for his hard dealing with the savages and for not returning the ships freighted!

This "third supply" sailed from England in May, 1609, bringing a new commission or charter, meant to make all straight in Virginia so far as pen and ink combined with ignorance could do so. It happened that the three leaders of the fleet (eight ships) squabbled as to which ship should contain each of them, and at length agreed to come all in a single vessel,—the *Sea Venture,*—and this flag-ship was by a hurricane driven to the Bermudas, leaving the real direction of matters in the hands of our old friends Ratcliffe, Martin, Archer, and five other captains who had never been in Virginia and so were ready to believe all that was told them to the disadvantage of Captain Smith.

When the fleet was sighted, Captain Smith believed that the fleet meant the long-expected attempt of the Spaniards to destroy the English colony. "Had it been so, we had been happy," the

historian writes; for they were ready for the attacks of open foemen, and trusted with the Indians' help to have held their own. But "receiving these as our countrymen and friends, they did what they could to murder our president, to surprise the store, the fort, and our lodgings, to usurp the government, and make us all their servants and slaves till they could consume us and our remembrance; and rather indeed to supplant us than supply us."

The only thing that saved the colony was the absence of the new commission to supersede that under which Smith was holding office. When the new-comers, a worthless rabble of ne'er-do-wells under control of his mischievous enemies, made themselves too troublesome, they were sternly checked, and the chief of them imprisoned. For Smith now had the confidence and loyal support of the best men in the colony, and very sensibly refused to give up his office until his year of service was expired.

When his time was nearly up, he made a choice of evils by offering the presidency to Martin; but, with some remnant of decency, Martin resigned all claim within three hours, and went peaceably away to begin a new settlement at Nansemund,

leaving the real master in control. This independent experiment soon proved Martin's incompetence, for having quarreled with the natives, he was attacked and driven away with the loss of most of his provisions in spite of a reinforcement sent from Jamestown. Martin came back with these soldiers, leaving his settlers to shift for themselves.

Another party sent to the falls on the James River, under Captain West, managed as badly; and when Captain Smith with five men went up the river to set things right, not only refused his aid, but mutinied against his authority, and forced him to return to the fort. Whereupon the Indians rose against the settlers at this outlying post, and, with a war-party of twelve braves, destroyed the settlement and drove *one hundred and twenty* Englishmen in panic through the woods. These fugitives found Captain Smith, whose boat was aground, and under his protection went back, were reëstablished in a new site, and peace was made with the savages.

This settlement was called Non-such, and occupied the site of Richmond; but shortly afterward it was abandoned, and the settlers went back to their old location.

Captain Smith, the ship having already gone, started in his boat for Jamestown; and on his way home, as he lay sleeping, a bag of gunpowder was accidentally (let us hope it *was* an accident) exploded, and the captain was so injured and burned that he leaped overboard, and was only rescued with the greatest difficulty, being nearly drowned. Tortured by his wounds, he completed the hundred miles' journey to Jamestown, and took to his bed.

When the time set for the trial of Ratcliffe and Archer approached, it is said that they tried to have Smith murdered in his bed; "but his heart did faile him that should have given fire to that merciless pistol."

The pistol was hardly necessary; for in his weakness Captain Smith's spirit was broken. He refused to let his followers take vengeance on his enemies, resigned his office, brought about the appointment of George Percy, an honest, capable gentleman, in his stead, and arranged to sail for England in one of the vessels that was about to leave.

Of Captain Smith, the writer of the history here asks: "What shall I say but thus we lost him that in all his proceedings made justice his first guide

and experience his second; ever hating baseness, sloth, pride, and unworthiness more than any dangers; that never allowed more for himself than his soldiers with him; that upon no danger would send them where he would not lead them himself; that would never see us want what he had or could by any means get us; that would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay; that loved action more than words, and hated falsehood and covetousness worse than death; whose adventures were our lives, and whose loss our deaths?"

These are strong, brave words; but they would have been mere words except for the light thrown upon them by the subsequent history of Jamestown. It is useless to deny the claims of Captain Smith to the credit of having established and maintained the colony, for upon his departure we know what happened. Fortunately, we are not compelled to read again the terrible annals of the "Starving Time." It will be enough to recall that in half a year the five hundred colonists had been reduced to *sixty*, and these, after being forced to cannibalism to sustain life, were only preserved from extinction by the coming of the missing ship's company from the Bermudas—its

escape being one of the most romantic and remarkable episodes of history. Upon the account of its voyage it is believed that Shakspere's "The Tempest" is founded.

No other commentary than the fate of the settlers after his departure can say so much for the value of Captain Smith to the first English colony in America—the root and spring whence our nation is derived.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SETTLERS AFTER SMITH'S DEPARTURE

IT is unfortunate that in history we cannot take up one subject and complete it; but nothing can be fully understood by itself. The life of the English captain, John Smith, now reaches a period when for a few years, at least, he remained in England without taking part in any exciting adventures; and yet to know what he had been to the Virginian colonists we should carefully study the colony as he left it and note the disasters that came thick and fast as soon as his guiding hand was removed from the wheel.

That a new steersman to guide the little Ship of State was not easy to find we may see by the list of those who were tried. In rapid succession came Percy, Gates, Delaware, Percy again, Dale, Gates again, Dale again, Yeardley—all in six years, and these six years were a time of warfare with the Indians and scarcity only relieved by supplies from England. The attempts to settle other

places had to be abandoned, for the Indians drove back all outlying settlers. Ratcliffe set out, with a party of thirty or forty, to trade with Powhatan, was caught in an Indian ambuscade, and only one or two stragglers survived—one being saved in captivity by Pocahontas. Ratcliffe himself fell into his enemies' hands, and was tortured to death. The colony at Jamestown became a cluster of half-burned ruins, amid which a few starving wretches crawled about in despair, living upon whatever they could find—no matter how loathsome. The story of their sufferings during the Starving Time is too horrible to tell. The remnant was saved, as has been said, when on the point of putting to sea in the pinnace, by the coming of the missing men from the Bermudas.

But all this must be looked for in the histories of Virginia. Only one more colonial episode needs to be here recorded, and that only because it concerns Pocahontas.

In April, 1613, Pocahontas, while on a visit to the Potomac Indians, was invited aboard the ship of Captain Argall, an English adventurer in the service of the Virginia colony, and so treacherously captured, her companions being bribed to sell her by the gift of a copper kettle. Then word

was sent to Powhatan that she would be released if he would surrender all English prisoners and give up all the guns and swords in his possession. Powhatan refused, and Pocahontas was held in captivity until she was married to John Rolfe, a widower—a match which seems to have been arranged by the English governor of the colony in the hope that it might become a means of securing peace with the people of Powhatan. The marriage took place about April, 1614, in the presence of one of Pocahontas's uncles and two of her brothers, and a treaty was made not long afterward with both Powhatan's tribe and their Chickahominy neighbors.

But all this was five years after Captain Smith's departure for England, on October 4, 1609, where he arrived during, or just before, an extraordinarily long and hard winter, one that undoubtedly kept indoors a man so seriously injured and weakened as Smith must have been. Until 1614 his life was inactive, but he seems to have given his time to reading and writing, for in 1612 he published the book called "A Map of Virginia, with a Description of the Country," the second part of which, "The Proceedings of the English Colony in Virginia," was a compilation of the

narrative of some of those who had been Smith's faithful followers and friends. These histories must have taken up much of the captain's time, but we hear nothing of him until we find him engaged in a commercial and exploring expedition to the more northern coast of America —a region to which he then gave the name of "New England," one of those names that without finding place upon the map takes its place in history and thereby often lives the longer in song, story, and tradition.

The two ships left London and went to an island Smith calls Monahigan (which after an attempt to call it Barty has now resumed the Indian name Monhegan), and there they expected to make a profitable voyage by taking whales, discovering gold- or copper-mines, or at least by securing fish and furs. Their voyage across the ocean took them two months, and then they sought whales, seeing many of an inferior sort, and spending much time in chasing them without success. The gold-mines did not appear, and Smith says the shipmaster had only pretended a knowledge of them in order to be hired; but the small fish, especially cod, were taken in great numbers, and Smith, by a boat expedition, secured

SECTION OF THE MAP OF VIRGINIA

From Captain John Smith's "Generall Historie of Virginia"

"1100 beaver-skins, 100 martens, as many otters, and the most of them within a distance of twenty leagues," amounting to some £1500 in value; and then they returned to England, having been absent about half a year.

After his return Captain Smith made a map of the coast, and within a year or two this was presented to Prince Charles, with a request that he would name the features of the land. The names chosen by the prince included many with which we are now familiar,—among them being Charles River, Cape Ann, Hull, Boston, Ipswich, and Cambridge,—but Cape Cod, for which the prince proposed to substitute the name Cape James, has remained unspoiled by the royal godfather.

During Captain Smith's absence—most mischievous deeds seem to be done while the captain is away—Captain Hunt kidnapped twenty-four Indians whom he carried off and sold into slavery. Smith thinks this was done to make trouble with the Indians and thus to prevent the establishing of a colony. It is very doubtful, however, that Captain Hunt required any other motive for his villainy than the fact of receiving for each Indian a snug sum of money when they were delivered to the Spanish.

On his way homeward Smith stopped at Plymouth, England, and there made an arrangement to go out with four ships to found a New England colony; and therefore felt bound to refuse another chance that came to him after he reached London. The Londoners had fitted four vessels for a fishing-trip, and were provoked that Smith preferred to keep his promise to the Plymouth enterprise. Smith suffered for his good faith, for when he appeared at Plymouth, the expedition had been abandoned because of the return unsuccessful of another Plymouth vessel.

This was a ship despatched to seek a gold-mine reported to exist not far from Cape Cod. There was a captive Indian named Epenew, or Epenow, brought home in an English ship, commanded by a Captain Harlow. Epenow had been made a show in London and elsewhere because of his stature; and his mind seems to have been quite as well developed as his body, for he told marvelous stories of this mine, volunteered to guide an expedition to it, and, when the coast of New England was reached, jumped overboard and swam ashore, while the captain and crew shot at him so wildly as to wound only themselves. When the vessel came home empty, the merchants of Plymouth lost

interest in the New World, and broke their promises to Captain Smith.

But the plucky man was not to be disappointed, and with the help of a few friends he succeeded in securing two small vessels and a small party, sixteen, and organized an expedition of his own. At the outset, the bigger ship was dismasted and compelled to return, while the other proceeded alone, not knowing its companion had put back. Smith at once prepared a smaller vessel and again set sail with about thirty men—his colonists and fourteen sailors—on June 20, 1615.

Having made a bad beginning that should have insured a good ending, Smith might well have complained of the next piece of ill fortune that he encountered. Down upon his little vessel descended one double the size—a pirate craft commanded by an Englishman named Fry, a craft well armed with cannon and swarming with men. Smith's men had no notion of resisting, but Captain Smith was not of the surrendering type, and made conditions—one being that the pirates were to take nothing that would interfere with his colonizing. If his conditions were not accepted Captain Smith declared he would sink his vessel.

While the discussion went on, it came out that a

large number of the pirates were runaway soldiers from Tunis, and some were of Smith's old command; and thereupon they not only refused to rob him, but begged that Smith would take command of them, or offered to convey his ship where he chose. All these offers Smith refused, even remaining in his cabin rather than see any of the pirate crew, old comrades though they were. And so the ships parted company.

Is not this just the sort of story Captain Smith's critics would have declared an absurd piece of brag? Can you not imagine their pointing out its deliciously farcical nature? *Pirates,* forsooth, so impressed by the heroic Smith that they let him sail away scot-free because he had been their commander!—and this in spite of his treating them with contempt and refusing even to receive their homage? But Captain Smith, knowing the story would seem unlikely, has used, instead of his own narrative, legal testimony given by some eight men who were on board his vessel at the time.

From the same source comes also the account of a second meeting with pirates of another stamp —two ships, French this time. Again the more prudent advised surrender, and again Smith threatened to destroy his ship first, saying he

would set fire to her magazine. Compelled thus to resistance, the little ship was put under way, and after a time escaped, though often fired upon.

Life at sea was not monotonous in those times, and soon afterward their vessel was chased by four French men-of-war. This time Captain Smith yielded to counsel, and went aboard the flag-ship to show his papers, was carried off, his ship rifled, and his men distributed among the French crews. This was a high-handed proceeding, considering that the French were sailing under their king's commission, and declared they were only fighting Portuguese, Spaniards, and pirates. They repented their course apparently, for they surrendered the ship and stores again within five or six days. But some of Smith's party so managed that they sailed away in his ship without him, leaving him, stripped of most of his property, on the French commander's ship. Smith, taking up the story, says he was kept for fear he might revenge himself, if set free, upon the French colonists in Newfoundland; besides, his crew were very likely sick of the voyage and its many dangers, for they at once returned to Plymouth, and made as bad a report against Smith as they dared.

The French continued their cruise, while the

captive captain devoted himself to writing his "Description of New England,"—"to keep my perplexed thoughts from too much meditation of my miserable estate," as he says. The ship in which he was captive became separated from the rest of the fleet, and here were pursued by an Engglish pirate in distress for food. With him, after some trouble, peace was made. Next they captured a small English fishing-vessel, robbed it of half its fish, and took the sailors' property, which was sold at auction near the mainmast for a pitiful sum. A Scotch merchantman was taken, but while pillaging it four larger vessels were seen. These were chased, but when they hove to and hoisted flags, Smith says, "our French spirits were content only to perceive they were English red crosses," and so the French drew off. Engagements followed with four Spaniards, who were injured, but were not robbed because the French dared not board; a caravel of Brazil that yielded when half her men were wounded, and gave up 370 chests of sugar; and then they took a large Spanish galleon. This was a rich prize, and they found in her cargo "1200 hides, 50 chests of cochineal; fourteen coffers of wedges of silver; 800 reals of 8 ["pieces of eight," silver

coins], and six coffers of the King of Spain's treasure, besides the pillage and coffers [trunks] of many rich passengers."

During the attacks upon Spaniards, Smith admits he managed the fights; but he remained a prisoner, taking no part, when English ships were attacked.

These selected incidents show the sort of cruise upon which Smith was carried; but after some three months, or about November, 1615, they arrived off the coast of France. There they refused to release their prisoner, upon the pretense that he had taken part in a raid against French colonies in Nova Scotia. They required him to swear he had been concerned in this or else they would keep him prisoner. Their object was to have some justification for their treatment of him, for they feared he would claim damages against them, or a part of the proceeds of their captures.

Having this alternative before him, Smith concluded to solve their riddle by escaping their hands. During a violent storm, he stole a boat and put out from the ship, hoping to drift ashore. The wind changed, he was driven to sea, and for twelve hours kept afloat only by constant bailing. The boat finally went ashore on an oozy island,

where the water-soaked captain was rescued by certain sportsmen.

Pawning the boat, Smith made his way to Rochelle, and there learned of the wreck of the vessel from which he had escaped, and the death of her captain and half the crew. Captain Smith made complaints to the proper authorities, and received "fair words," though little else.

He met many kind friends, however, and by them was helped to Plymouth. He vigorously prosecuted those who had betrayed him, and secured the imprisonment of the ringleaders in order to clear his name from the imputations of piracy that had been circulated about him.

The companion vessel of Smith's expedition—it will be remembered that she sailed away supposing he would follow—completed her voyage to America, arriving in May; and then brought back a good cargo (of fish?) in August, all on board being in good health.

CHAPTER XIX

HIS LAST ENTERPRISE—SMITH AS A WRITER—CONCLUSION

SMITH tells us that there was great rivalry in the trade with the New World between London and Plymouth, and this prevented the merchants of the two places from uniting in their enterprises—a course he advised, since the Londoners had more capital, while the West Country men had the better haven from which to begin the voyage. Still, many ships were sent out, eight having sailed before his return from his captivity.

During the years 1616 and 1617 Captain Smith was busy enlisting aid for his colonizing projects, and at length, by dint of persuasion, argument, the distribution of his books and maps, and personal influence, Smith secured a fleet of twenty sail, and was appointed Admiral of New England. But contrary winds and other drawbacks prevented anything but two fishing-voyages to the Banks of Newfoundland, fairly success-

ful, but a disappointment to Smith's ambitions. For Captain Smith was one of the few men in England who had had both the brains and the opportunity to foresee the value of acquiring control of the New World.

While thus advocating his plans, Smith went to Brentford, and there met Pocahontas, who had come to England with her husband. For a long time she refused to look at Smith or to speak to him. The reason for this was discovered to be her belief that he was dead—as, indeed, she had been told. Why she was so deceived, we can only guess. It may be that here is the one hint of any romance between them. If there was a tenderer feeling than friendship, it was on her side. Captain Smith was anything but sentimental, and I can find no suggestion of any love-affairs in any part of his life, though several women were at times very helpful and considerate of him.

When Pocahontas had made up her mind to speak, she claimed the right to call him " father," saying that Smith when a stranger in her land had so called Powhatan. But Captain Smith " durst not allow that title because she was a King's daughter," and King James had already

Matoaks alis Rebecka daugeter to the mighty Prince Powhatan Emperour of Attanoughkomouck alis virginia converted and baptized in the Christian fauth, and wife to the Worſh. Mr. Joh. Rolff.

I. Pass: sculp: *Compton Holland excud*

POCAHONTAS

From the engraving in the first edition of John Smith's
"Generall Historie of Virginia"

shown resentment toward Rolfe for marrying into a "royal" family!

Pocahontas reproached him for his fear, reminding him that he had gone fearlessly into Powhatan's land. She insisted upon her rights, saying, "I tell you then, I will; and you shall call me child, and so I will be for ever and ever your countrywoman. They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth. Yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakkin [the Indian who came with her] to seek you, and know the truth, because your countrymen will lie much."

No more is told of their meeting; but Smith records some facts in regard to Uttamatomakkin that are amusing, and are often repeated. The first is his attempt to keep tally on a stick of the number of English—not necessarily, as has been pointed out by Katharine Woods in her life of Smith, by making a notch for each individual, but by some system equally inadequate; for he was compelled to report that the English were as the sands of the sea in number; and the second is his denial of his being presented to King James, because the King gave him nothing. Neither story seems very striking or important; for there is no

reason for representing the American Indians as fools. They certainly stand comparison with most of their white contemporaries.

Pocahontas was liked and admired in England, and made much of; but just as she was about to set sail for Virginia she died, leaving a son, Thomas, whose descendants intermarried with several prominent Virginian families, among them the Bollings, Randolphs, Flemings, Guys, Eldridges, and Murrays. Some trace of her blood is still known to have been in men who have become prominent in American history, of whom perhaps the most notable are President Harrison and John Randolph of Roanoke.

But, beyond this brief visit, Captain Smith seems to have taken little notice of Pocahontas, except to write a letter to Queen Anne, asking her favor for the Virginian princess. In this letter he recounts the Indian girl's services to the colony, including her rescue of himself, a statement he would certainly not have dared make if he had feared contradiction either by Pocahontas herself or by any of his enemies, for Smith had just been appointed Admiral, and was expecting to be put in command of the fleet of twenty ships from Plymouth. This was the earliest public account of the rescue.

There is little more to record save a mere list of Captain Smith's writings, for he was unsuccessful in seeking an opportunity to join in the building up of New England. When the Pilgrims were about to set out, he seems to have offered his services to them, for he records that they declared his books and maps to be cheaper to teach them than himself, and adds, "Many others have pursued the like good husbandry that have paid dearly in trying their self-willed conclusions." Perhaps they, like some others, considered him "unlucky," a reputation which he shows to be absurdly untrue by a stirring summary of his career in war, slavery, adventure, famine, and captivity among savages, to say nothing of his numerous escapes at sea.

He says: "If you but truly consider how many strange accidents have befallen these plantations and myself, you cannot but conceive God's infinite mercy both to them and to me. Having been a slave to the Turks, prisoner among the most barbarous savages. . . and yet to have lived near thirty-seven years in the midst of wars, pestilence, and famine, by which many a hundred thousand have died about me, and scarce five living of them that first went with me to Virginia . . . though I

have but my labor for my pains, have I not much reason publicly and privately to acknowledge it and to give good thanks?"

Whatever the reason, Smith found no active career open to him, and so took up the pen to record his experiences, describe all he had seen, and to teach others some of the wisdom he had acquired.

Consequently we know of him thenceforward only by his printed words. Yet by these we may judge what manner of man he was, and with what his mind was busied. We may also form an opinion as to his honesty of intention and steadfastness of purpose. There were many wild speculations set afloat in those days, and had Captain Smith been the braggart and liar some believe him to have been, he would not have lacked employment long. As he puts it, "Had my designs been to have persuaded men to a mine of gold, as I know many have done that knew no such matter (though few so conceive either the charge or pains in refining it nor the power or care to defend it); or some new invention to pass to the South Sea, or some strange plot to invade some strange monastery; or some chargeable fleet to take some rich carracks [merchant ships]; or letters of marque to rob some poor merchant or honest fish-

erman—what multitudes of both people and money would contend to be first employed!"

But John Smith offered only honest service in honest employment, and so he was not listened to except in times of trouble: as after the massacre of the Virginians in 1622, by the contrivance of the warlike Opechancanough. Then Captain Smith wrote a statement showing how, with little more than a regiment of rangers, the colonies might be made secure against the Indians, and once more proved himself the only man of his time who understood Indian warfare.

In marked contrast to the short-sighted statesmen of his day, Smith continually declared to the merchants that there was more money to be earned by fishing than by gold-mining, and a greater "India" in New England than beyond the South Sea. He also pointed out the possibility that an English navy could be created that would control the highways of the sea, and thus dominate the world. In short, he was like a prophet who cried aloud the truth in the wilderness, and they heard him not, because they had doubts about the three slain Turks and Pocahontas!

To this period belong his "New England's Trials," a description of the trials or *tests* made of

its value as a colony; the "Generall Historie of Virginia"; "An Accidence for Young Seamen," a book for the instruction of young sailors; his own "True Travels"; and a guide for colonists, "Advertisement for the Inexperienced," the last being written for the guidance of Winthrop's expedition, and published in 1630. He also meant to write a "History of the Sea," but there is none of it in existence.

In 1631, on the 21st of June, John Smith died in London at the house of Sir Samuel Saltonstall.

He must have been a disappointed man, but there is no sign that he was ever soured by neglect and enforced idleness. He did his duty to the best of his ability wherever he was placed; he told unwelcome truths to his superiors in office though they were his inferiors in brains and in knowledge; he offered his aid to all good enterprises, and refused it to all that he considered unworthy; and when he was set aside and less worthy men were put over him, he still gave the best counsel he could devise for the good of his nation and the future of his race.

And as the years go by, John Smith is coming to his rightful place in history. His predictions have been fulfilled, his policy has been justified.

When he is compared with other men of his period, he seems to our modern eyes almost the only far-seeing intellect of the time, one of the few broad-minded, unselfish statesmen in England, and the least regarded. Fortunately he held the magic wand of immortality in his busy pen, and yet speaks for himself.

There is a poem from his pen that seems to me most touching. In this he compares himself to a wrecked vessel lying upon a shoal or rock as a warning to others who may pass that way:

THE SEA MARK

Aloof! aloof!—and come not near!
The dangers do appear,
  Which, if my ruin had not been
  You had not seen:
    I only lie upon this shelf
      To be a mark to all
      Which on the same may fall,
    That none may perish but myself.

If in or outward you be bound,
Do not forget to sound!
  Neglect of that was cause of this
  To steer amiss.

The seas were calm, the wind was fair
That made me so secure
That now I must endure
All weathers, be they foul or fair.

The winter's cold, the summer's heat
Alternatively beat
Upon my bruised sides, that rue
Because too true
That no relief can ever come.
But why should I despair,
Being promised so fair
That there shall be a day of Doom?

If one reads this poem for its true poetic quality, rather than in petty criticism of minor matters, it will be found to rank very high. These lines are prefixed to his last little book, "The Pathway to Experience," and though not signed, they so evidently refer to Smith in allegory that we may ascribe them to him.

But there must be an end, for the main facts of his life are now before you for your judgment. I have tried to end as I began, without prejudice for or against the Governor of Virginia and Admiral of New England. But it seems to me that no one can read thoroughly the body of Smith's writings as collected and edited by Edward Arber

(1884) without feeling that this man has been awarded a lower place in history than he has earned.

The old school of historians, who sought above all things to make picturesque and striking narrations, have seriously wronged Captain Smith in making so prominent the two petty episodes of the Turkish duels and the rescue by the child of an Indian chieftain, and thereby neglecting to show, or to show in right proportion, the statesman, the soldier, the writer, the navigator, the explorer, who founded the English race in America, and thereby fixed for all time the history of North America as a home of the English-speaking race. He was less selfish, broader-minded, more patriotic than the Pilgrims; and in the Virginian colony Smith established an influence without which New England might have remained narrow and provincial.

It was John Smith who taught all colonists the strength of independence. To this brave, patient, resourceful, honest English gentleman and soldier it is easy to trace back the influences that a century and a half later set ringing the bell to "proclaim liberty to all the land, and the inhabitants thereof."

The United States of America owe more to him and to his words than they have yet recognized, and, though his place in history is secure, the nation which is the fulfilment of his dream owes him a monument among those of its founders.

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